

# *The* MOTOR OWNER

R T      S O C I E T Y      T R A V E L



*Ruins at Corinth, with the Acro-Corinthus in the background*

THE POSSESSION OF A CAR IS A  
KEY TO THE ROAD OF THE WORLD





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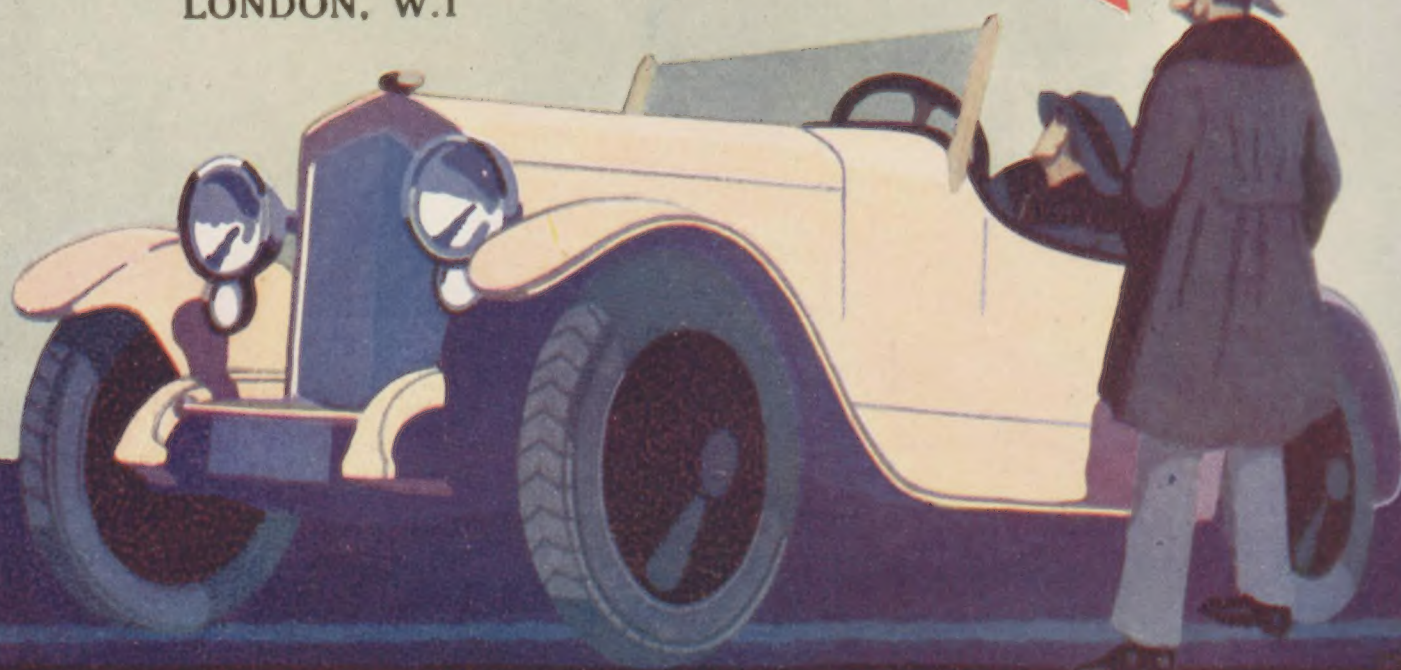
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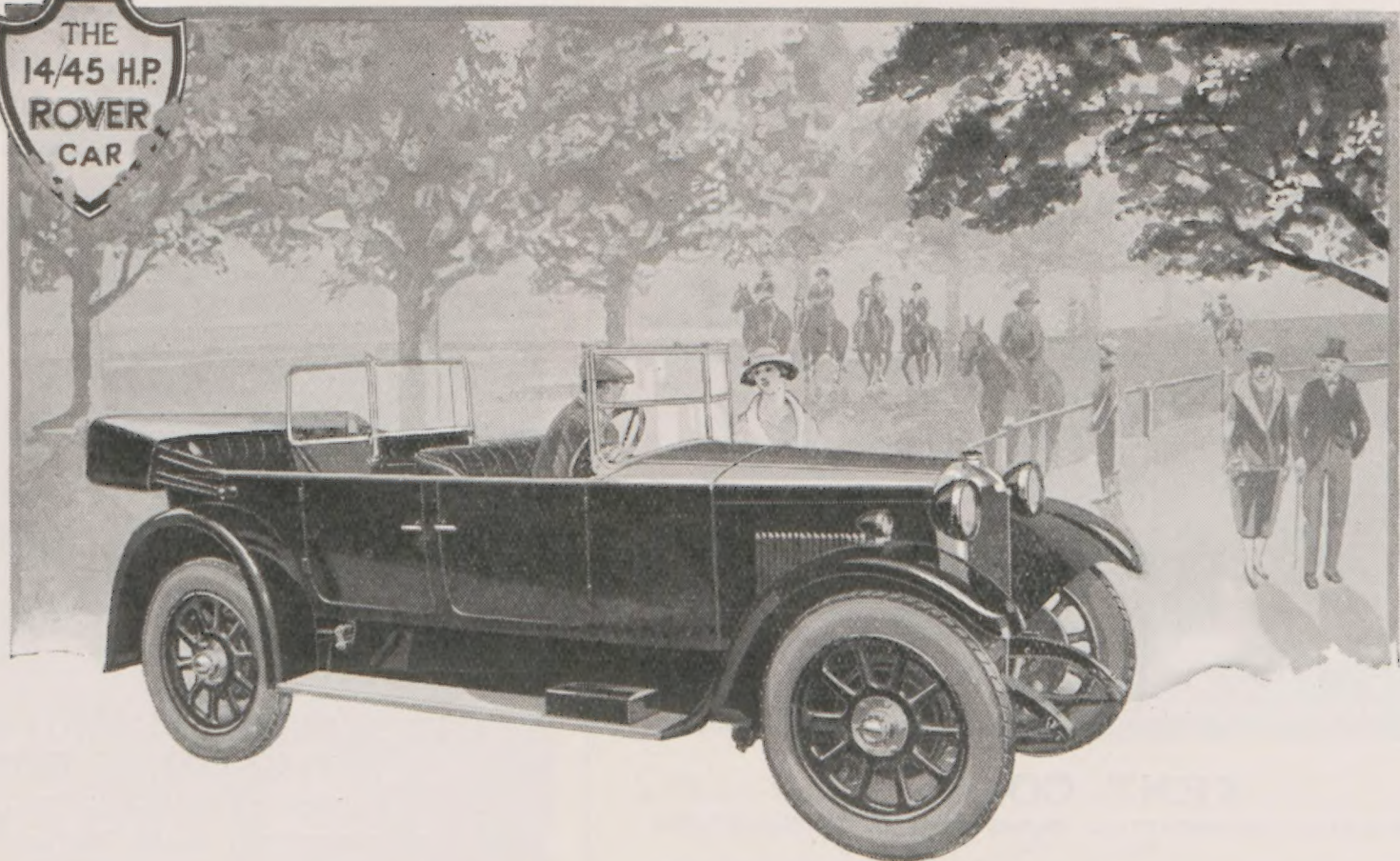
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## Every Feature a good one

The new 14/45 h.p. Rover is a car with a wonderful array of good features. Starting with the four-cylinder engine of £14 taxation rating which develops 45 b.h.p. at 2,500 r.p.m., the hemispherical combustion head, the dead central sparking plug, and the inclined valves operated by an overhead camshaft are in themselves guarantees that every spot of petrol which passes through the carburetter is employed to the fullest advantage. Any automobile engineer will confirm that the design is scientifically correct—and not only theoretically efficient, but proved right in practice, too.

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Four-cylinder engine, 75 mm. bore, tax £14. Overhead valves and camshaft, four-speed gearbox, right hand change. Spiral bevel axle, four-wheel brakes. Balloon tyres, adjustable driving seat, door on driver's side. Very complete equipment.

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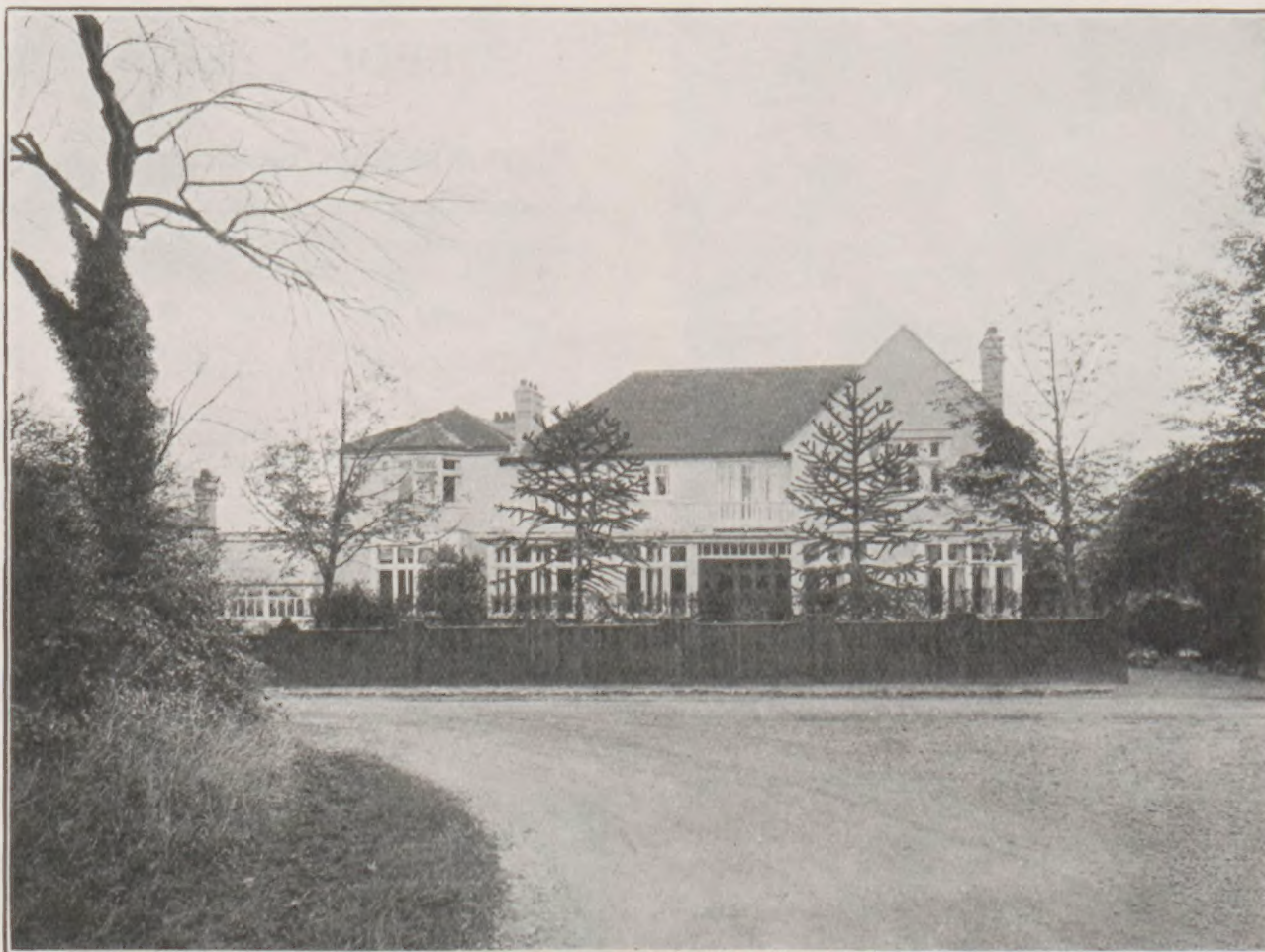
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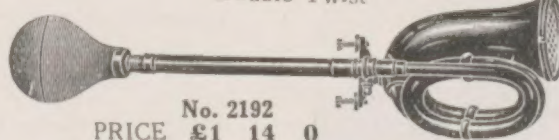
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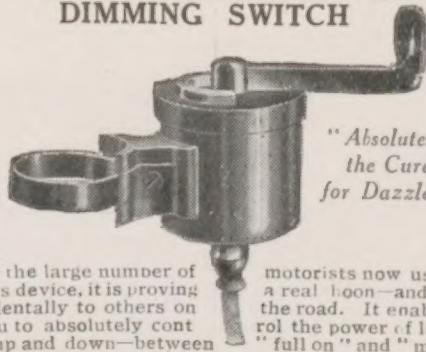
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No. 2478 Same as above but with Flex tubing £2 3 0

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THEY were fitted on a 1915 Overland car in July, 1921. In November of the same year the car was burnt out even to the spokes of the wheels. The car was reconditioned, same brake linings put back again, and the car ran 20,000 miles in Devonshire before the brakes were again dismantled. Despite the worn appearance of one of the segments, the brake was still good—thus proving that although Ferodo Lining is worn to the thinness of paper its physical strength remains.

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Sankey Wheels for low-pressure tyres are now obtainable in the following sizes:—  
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THE Sankey Wheel is stamped bodily out of sheet steel centre, spokes and rim in two sections, which are then welded into one complete unit.

The result of this combination of the right construction is that Sankey Wheels are acknowledged by experts to be the finest motor wheels of their kind on the market to-day.

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shabby  
wings



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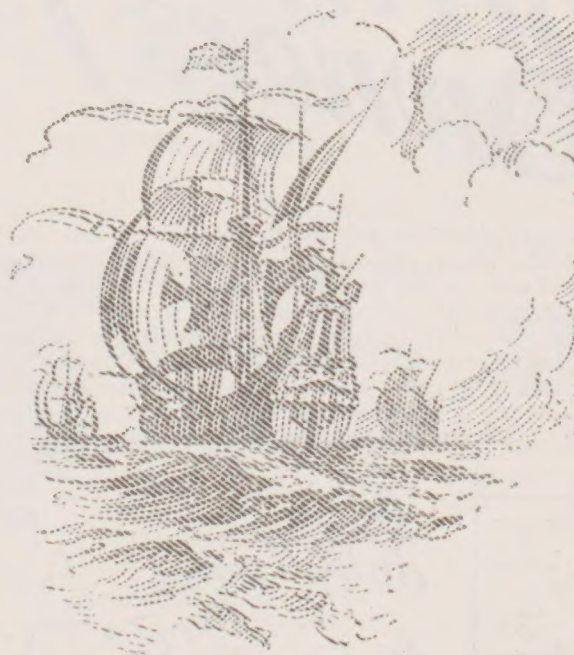
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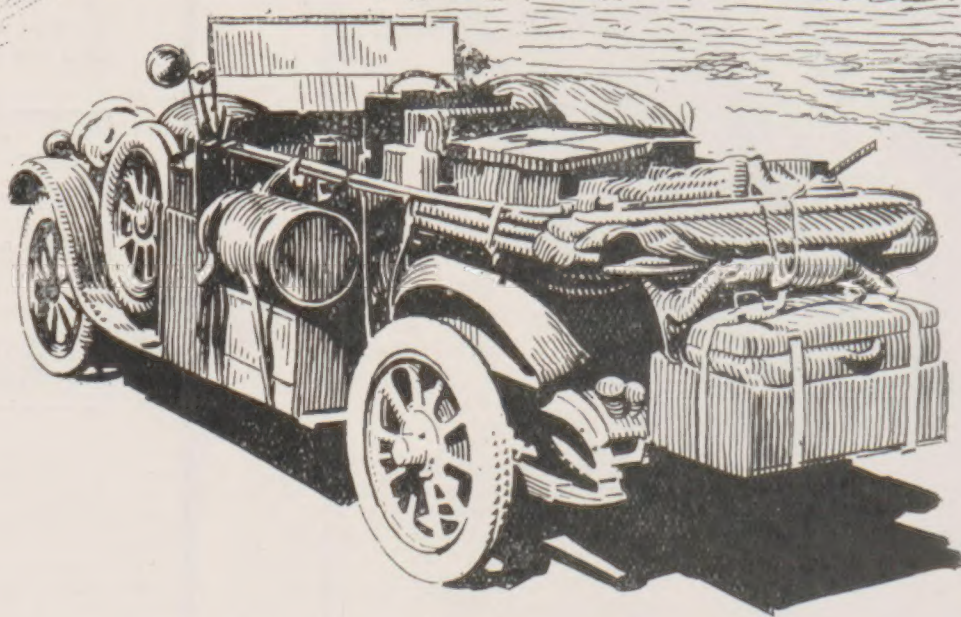
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THE Bean "Fourteen" illustrated above has established a new era in travel. During a journey of 6,200 miles—twice across Australia through unknown country, over uncharted plains—this car underwent every conceivable kind of test and, in winning through, proved irrefutably the quality that is built into every Bean Car, the adaptability to all kinds of conditions of which the Bean is capable. The car was a Standard Bean "Fourteen" which had already run 14,000 miles. Such is the service every Bean Car is built to give. All models are supplied with front-wheel brakes, shock absorbers and very complete equipment.

These are the prices:—

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Two-Seater	-	-	-	-	-	£335
Four-Seater	-	-	-	-	-	£345
Two-Seater Coupé	-	-	-	-	-	£395
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Three-Seater	-	-	-	-	-	£395
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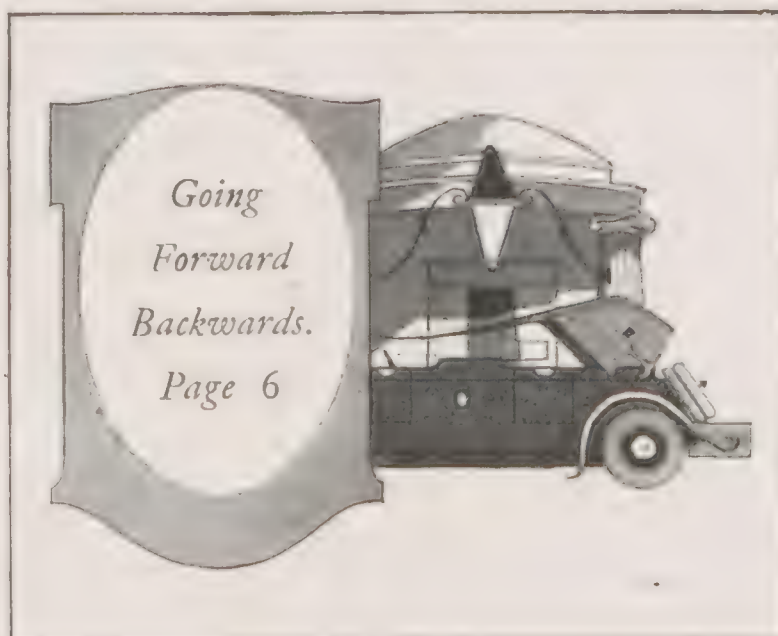
ON EVERY MODEL





# THE MOTOR-OWNER

FEBRUARY  
1925



VOL. VI  
NO. 69

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London."

Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free:

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Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.





### THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

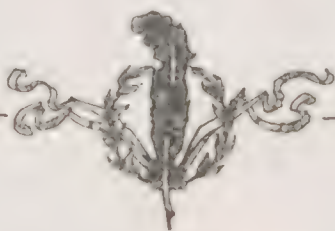
Hope and fresh air are about the only things our rulers leave untaxed. We take advantage of their clemency to look a month or two ahead, and to present a picture of sunnier days to come.





# SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN.

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



## A-Hunting We Will Go.

**F**OX Chase" is the laconic head-line which greets your eyes as you fold back your morning paper. You are further intrigued by the supplementary announcement "Fast Quarter-of-a-Mile Run."

This sets you going. You cheerily hum, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning," or words to that effect. A vision comes of prancing horses, baying hounds, eager huntsmen, and a choleric Master. "Boot and saddle!" "Yoicks!" "Tally-ho!" and various other inspiring phrases and calls, greet your mental ears.

Then you read on, and come back to earth with a sickening thud.

"A motor-car, whilst being driven along a country road, back-fired suddenly and frightened a fox from the hedge into the roadway," continues the relentless chronicler. "The fox pelted along the road, the car in its wake, for a quarter of a mile!"

One hears of the fraud of the label: what of the fraud of the headline? Yet—stay; should we cavil at the work of a fellow scribe without due investigation? Has this writer of headlines precedent for his handiwork?

Of course he has. Did not Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, hunt from her chariot? A piece of statuary on Westminster Bridge depicts her in the act. Yes; we know the sculptor has selected the moment when Romans were her quarry. But no doubt the fiery queen considered them just as much vermin as we do the fox; besides, surely she did not disdain an occasional animal chase when no Romans were available!

One supposes there were no newspapers in A.D. 61 to give due prominence to her prowess; but that does not apply to the days of good Queen Anne.

This later ruler of Britain was wont to hunt the stag seated in a one-horse chaise; and she was a mighty hunter. If you doubt our word "overhaul

your Swift," as Captain Cuttle would have put it.

Now you may be sure the news-sheets of Queen Anne's days "featured" her Majesty's hunting. Very well, then, if it was the thing to hunt from an ancient British chariot and a one-horse chaise, why shouldn't it be from their lineal descendant—the motor-car?

Yes, our contemporary's "headliner" is justified!

## The Dutiful Motorist.

It is pleasing to note one feature of the revenue returns for the first three-quarters of the current financial year.

Although there is a net decrease in revenue of £29,180,827, compared with the corresponding period of last year, yet the motor-vehicle duties have increased by £745,000.

No doubt a large proportion of this substantial sum is attributable to new recruits to the ranks of private owners of motor-cars.

Herein is source for congratulation. The stronger we are in numbers, the more political strength we gain, and only political strength can attain for us the realisation of our legitimate aims and aspirations.

Voltaire asserted that "God is always for the big battalions."

## Keep Watch and Ward.

Last month we commented upon the suggested provisions of the new Road Bill as applied to the abolition of the speed limit. In this issue we propose to offer a few remarks upon other and more controversial points.

Particularly we would instance the clause which proposes to empower the police to examine brakes. Here we have one of those suggestions which, at a first glance, seem to be perfectly sound, but, subjected to more careful scrutiny, discloses the germ of possible, and useless, interference with the liberty of the motoring subject.

We should be in full accordance with this proposal if it were applied only

to the callous motorist who persists in pursuing a journey after a competent person has pointed out that his brakes need adjustment. But is that the whole extent of its meaning; or must we read into it that any officious, and possibly technically ignorant, police officer will have the right to stop a conscientious motorist and subject his car to inspection?

Perhaps the question betrays undue suspicion, but there can be no harm in drawing attention to the possibility whilst the proposals are still, so to speak, fluid. Car-owners have suffered in the past through not moulding the legislative metal whilst it was still malleable.

If this power is to be entrusted to the police, the officers exercising it should have at least sufficient knowledge of a car's mechanism to ensure impartial judgment.

We wonder if this proposed inspection is also to be applicable to the steering gear? Surely the proper adjustment of this is of even more vital importance than the brakes.

Writing of defective steering gear, we are reminded of a personal experience which illustrates our contention that the police entrusted with motoring matters should have some mechanical knowledge.

Whilst driving we passed a motor-lorry with steering gear obviously on the point of breaking down. A sense of public duty impelled us to remonstrate with the lorry's driver, and to suggest that he should take his vehicle to a near-by garage. He not only refused, but commented in distinctly lurid language upon our "nosiness."

A passing policeman, called in to adjudicate, was quite satisfied with the man's statement that he could manage until he got to his works—a matter of some fifteen miles.

Now had that officer possessed even a modicum of motoring knowledge, he would have known that a lorry in that condition is a public menace, and would have then exerted moral suasion upon its driver.



## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Fortunately the lorry reached its destination without smashing anybody on the road ; but unquestionably its driver, by continuing the journey with his vehicle in that condition, was qualifying for a charge of manslaughter.

In the new Bill two witnesses will be required to secure a conviction for dangerous driving. Safety in numbers, evidently ; but if the number were increased to twenty there would still be divergence of opinion as to what constitutes "dangerous driving."

We are not informed what the penalties will be, nor yet what distinction will be made between a sober person driving a car recklessly and a drunken person engaged in the same nefarious operation. No doubt these and many other points concerning public safety will be hammered out when the Bill comes before the House.

All sane motorists will welcome any measure which safeguards the general and motoring public, whilst it removes present anomalies ; yet they will be well advised to watch very closely that the authorities do not give with one hand and take away with the other.

### A Sad Accident.

On more than one occasion THE MOTOR-OWNER has drawn attention to the danger of running the engine of a car in a garage without taking proper precautions to get rid of the gas from the exhaust pipe.

It is with great regret that we read of a sad death which has occurred under circumstances when such safeguards were not adopted.

The doors of the garage in which the accident happened were shut, and on being opened, the place was found to be full of fumes from the engine. The doctor who was called at the inquest said that a very small percentage of carbon monoxide was sufficient to cause death if inhaled for any length of time. Carbon monoxide is one of the principal constituents of the exhaust gas of a petrol engine.

We are sure that the contributor responsible for "Practical Hints" will forgive us for trespassing on his preserves by repeating here the advice for avoiding such fatalities. It is a



*The Strand Gate, Winchelsea.*

very simple expedient : *Attach a piece of hose to the exhaust pipe of the car, and lead it out to the open air.*

### Lightnin'.

The new play at the Shaftesbury Theatre is an importation from America, and, be it said at the onset,



*The old Cross and Lock-up, Lingfield, Surrey.*

an importation which, whilst witty, even brilliant, bears the unmistakable trade-mark of its place of origin.

We are on the border line of the States of California and Nevada, and it appears that in California the Marriage Tie is—transatlantically speaking—a Knotty problem. It requires some little ingenuity to undo it.

Now in Nevada the law is less fidgety. Granted a six-months residential qualification, a wife can get rid of an erring spouse because he has grown whiskers since the honeymoon, or a husband may gain freedom by reason of his wife's insisting on an English rather than an American car.

These examples are not mentioned in the play, but they will serve to explain the integral differences on the point between the two States. However, given these variations, it will be plain that an hotel built partly in California and partly in Nevada has its advantages to those desirous of—er—reshuffling the pack. They may be free from moral obloquy in the Californian lounge, or work out the necessary six months' probation in the Nevadian dining-room just as the spirit moves them.

Well, one of the scenes takes place in an hotel with these qualifications ; and therein we are introduced to one "Lightnin'," so named because he is slow. When we mention that this gentle, sweet, old character is played by Mr. Horace Hodges, who has made this type of stage portraiture his own, it will be realised that a rare feast is presented.

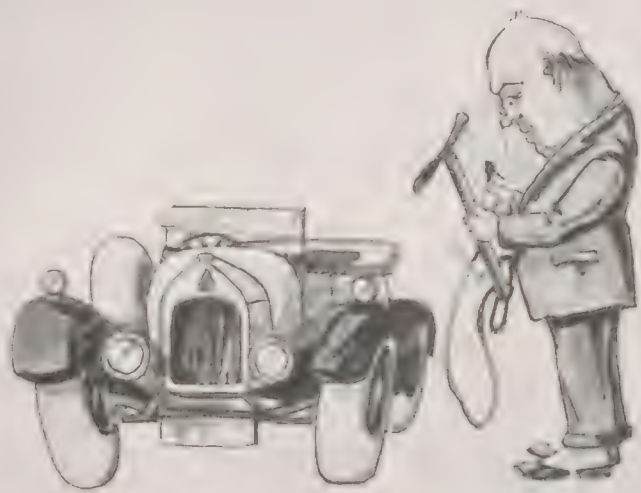
Of the other characters and their delineators we may mention Miss Ruth Chester, as Lightnin's wife, Miss Diana Wilson, Mr. Donald Foster and Mr. Charles Evans as giving clever impersonations.

We do not give the plot *in extenso*, believing that the critic's function is to titillate the imagination of prospective audiences, not to send them already fully primed.

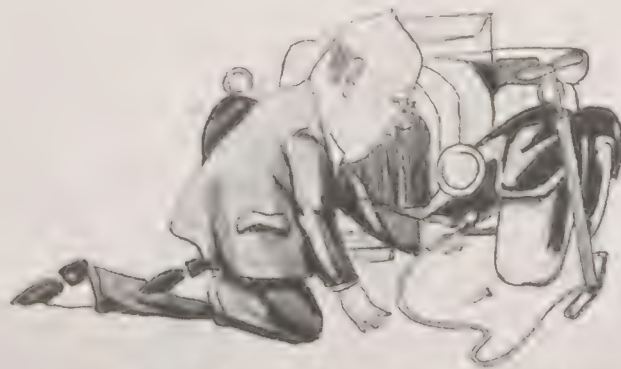
We strongly advise an early visit to the Shaftesbury Theatre. "Lightnin'" skims over thin ice, but the literary skates of Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon are so light that the surface is scarcely scratched. Even a Georgian flapper may take her Victorian father without embarrassment.



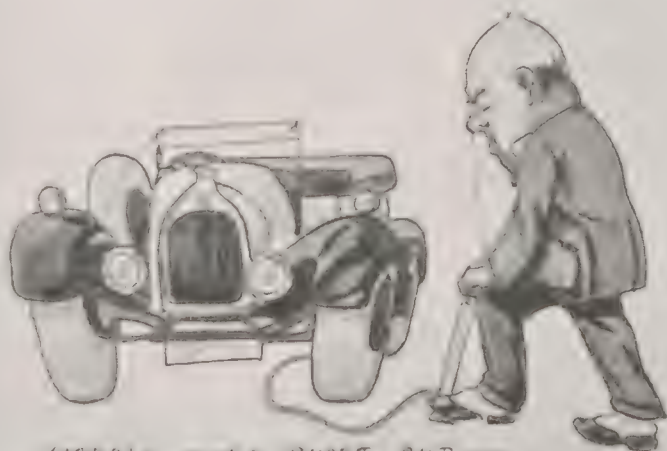
# NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.



ONE OF THE GREAT ADVANTAGES OF —



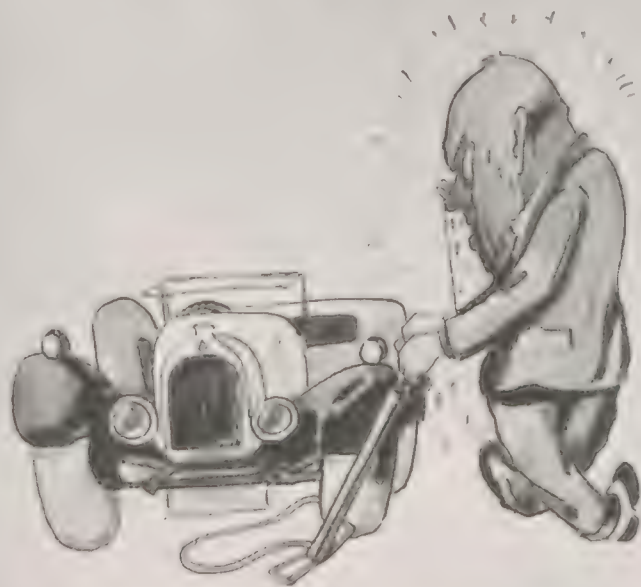
LOW-PRESSURE TYRES IS THAT THEY—



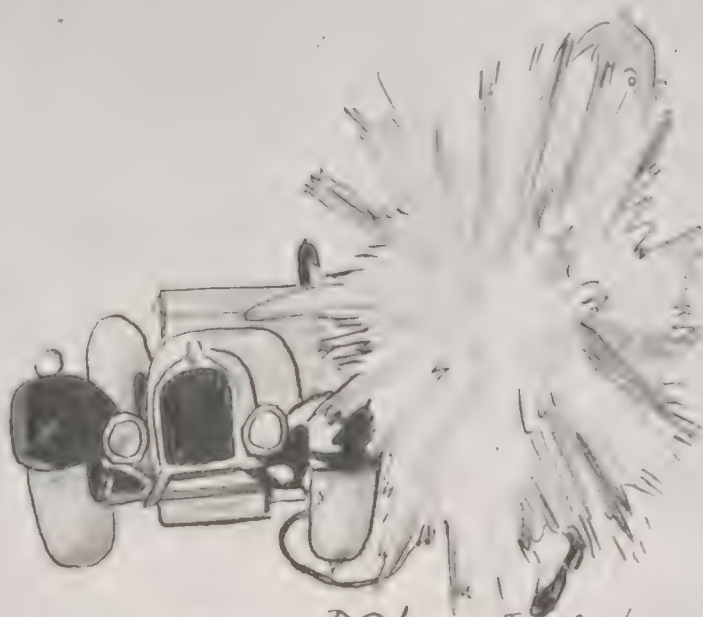
HARDLY EVER BURST, BUT —



OWING TO THEIR SIZE —



THE MEN WHO PUMP THEM UP



SOMETIMES DO! C.H. TOWNSON.



# GOING FORWARD BACKWARDS.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*The author has the temerity to voice some rather novel ideas in regard to automobile development. At first one is inclined to think him a rank heretic; but really he has some grounds for the complaints he makes.*

I SUPPOSE it is rank heresy for one who knew and participated in the pioneer days of motoring to hint that there are points in which the ancient manufacturer was the superior of the modern. But I am going to take my moral courage in both hands and do so.

At the first flash, you may feel inclined to harrow me with harsh words. "Here," you will say, "is a man who has had unexampled opportunities of observing and testing the wonderful developments which have been brought about in motor engineering: and yet the ingrate reviles his benefactors, even whilst participating in the blessings afforded him."

To which I reply that I do fully recognise, and am more than grateful for, the improvements; only, in point of fact, gratitude has increased appetite—I want more, and am just a little surprised that I don't get it. Imprimis, there is the present-day necessity for decarbonisation—an evil which was non-existent, say, 18 years ago.

At that time I owned a car which had already done its 54,200 miles, and was still running almost as sweetly as the day I bought it. The necessity for decarbonisation had not arisen. Indeed, the term had not come into general use, if even then coined.

In these days, we are not annoyed if a car needs decarbonisation after 5,000 miles running. There are some which jib even at 2,000 miles unless they receive attention in that respect. Now there you have an example of a problem on which the modern designer might exercise his skill. The genius who devises a mechanical device for the prevention of early carbonisation will earn our undying commendation.

The trouble, as I have said, is the result of present conditions. The system of Treasury rating has imposed upon us high efficiency engines with their corresponding tendency to carbonisation troubles. But there are causes other than mechanical. We

also find contributory results from the fuel which we use.

I know that the huge demand of to-day prohibits the quality of petrol we had in those early times; but there are certain directions in which petrol companies might help in this matter.

We are constantly hearing of scientists who have discovered some "dope" which, when mixed with petrol, will prevent carbonisation. Well, it seems to me that it is the bounden duty of petrol suppliers to push on investigations, and to make trials of such expedients. If there is any tangible advantage in the claim of the chemists, then the consumer should be provided with the relief without delay.



To the car owner, it does not much matter whether the engineer, the petrol merchant, or a happy combination of both, relieve him from this carbonisation trouble; but he does wish they would push along with the job. The defect grows more apparent and more expensive to deal with each year.

So much for that question. Let us turn to other points in justification of the attitude I adopted in the opening paragraphs of this article.

My contention is that each development with which we have been favoured has brought in its wake added work for the car owner.

Can it be denied that front-wheel brakes and low-pressure tyres come within this category? They add materially to our comfort and safety, but they claim, in exchange, much more attention to keep them in tune.

Of course, I am not losing sight of the fact that these improvements are wonderfully beneficial, even with the disadvantage attached which I mention. But just think how much more wonderful, and how much more beneficial, they would have been if only they had come about without those additional demands upon the driver.

May I, with all humility, voice an owner's point of view to those who supply our motoring necessities?

Summarised, it runs something on these lines: Please, Mr. Manufacturer, in your cogitations upon future developments, always keep in the foreground the inspiring thought, "I must give the owner less to do—not more."

Am I asking for the impossible? I think not. The marvellous achievements of the past afford an excellent augury for the future. All that is necessary is that the problems be attacked from the viewpoint of the driver's convenience for manipulation, as well as from that of his security and comfort.

The fountain-pen ceases to be a blessing when you have to ink your fingers to fill it!



*DRIVING TO THE THIRD HOLE—AT WIMBLEDON.*



There is nothing on the pleasure side of motoring wherein the car is more helpful than the ready get-at-ability which it provides to one's favourite golf courses.



# WHO'S AWAY A-WHEEL?

1



1 Lord Londesborough photographed at the driving wheel of his Rolls-Royce touring car recently at the Tarporley Hunt Steeplechases.

2 Mr. W. H. Buxton's A.C. emerging from an old Roman arch at Cap-de-Marten, during his recent tour on the Riviera.

3 Mr. D. Lloyd George and M. Briand in a Talbot-Darracq saloon at Cannes.

4 H.R.H. Prince George, accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Bristol, seated in one of the two 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce cars used by him during the recent Royal visit to that city.

2



3



4



# PEOPLE AND THEIR CARS.

5 The Hon. V. A. Bruce and Mr. T. Gillett in the A.C. car that made such a successful non-stop run from Glasgow to Monte Carlo—to the Monte Carlo Rallye automobile competition.

6 Major Forbes Leith's Wolseley "Fourteen" which made such an adventurous journey overland from London to India. In spite of adverse conditions, generally, the car made a splendid run.

7 This fair owner of a 9/20 h.p. Rover Saloon saves garage charges by washing her car from the water provided free by Nature in a ford in the New Forest.

8 Mr. Lupino Lane and Mrs. Lane "listening in" on one of the sets installed on the Daimler car on the company's stand at the recent Glasgow Motor Exhibition. The concert was a special Daimler broadcast.



5



6



7



8



AND WHAT TO DO WITH A CERTAIN MOTOR-HATING MAGISTERIAL BLIGHTER.

## IF MOTORISTS RULED THE ROOST.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

*Some genius suggested recently that what we really need in this land of cliques and classes is the institution of a Social Service Week.*

FOR six days in each year every man and woman should be conscripted to volunteer to work at other persons' jobs, the idea being that we should thus learn to sympathise with our fellows.

A peer, for example, might act as a motor mechanic or an oxy-acetylene welder for a week, while the person he replaced administered the ancestral estates, undertook his legislative duties and interviewed the super-tax collector.

Duchesses who normally recline in limousines would wash their own cars, inflate the ballonettes, and drive the chauffeur to the Law Courts where he had a job as a judge for a week.

The son of the house might be drafted to Wales as a miner, and the daughters might elect to work in laundries or carry dinner pails to their most favoured dancing partners who might be putting in a forty-four hour week as concreters or concretonians on new motor roads.

I must say that I am attracted by the idea, for I know by experience that the other man's job always looks so easy, and our own jobs so difficult. It would do us all good to have even a brief experience of other fellows' troubles.

It is true that during the late lamented war most of us were roughly jolted out of our ruts. The Professor of Greek then found his true economic position as a disciplined member of a Labour Corps gang, doomed to fill up shell craters unless he had the luck to be promoted to the position of washer-up to the camp cook who had unsuccessfully pleaded exemption from service on the grounds that his work as painter of newly acquired crests on the doors of cars belonging to war profiteers was of national importance.

Then the Powers that Were decreed that the gifted writer of lyrics for revues should become an inspector of Army beef, while the ex-manager of a great catering organization served as batman to one of his ex-employees who, having been professionally

engaged in the meringue and Swiss roll department, had become a Colonel of Cavalry.

In war time all this sort of thing was very good for us, and perhaps even better for the enemy. I am doubtful, however, if the changes of *milieu* promoted good fellowship or caused the various classes to respect each other more fervently. The junior clerk who became a second lieutenant found that the head of a great business firm, who was once his ideal, could not polish a Sam Brown for little apples, and so his faith in the once revered ability of the great man was sapped.

What, then, would happen in the unending civil war of business and civil life?

Would the chauffeur of a noble and estateful newspaper proprietor, for example, have more brotherly feelings towards his employer if the latter for a week were forced to display his entire incapacity to act as a garage hand and dissemble and reassemble a differential without finding at the end of the job that the car had only one forward speed and four reverse speeds? Would he respect that newspaper proprietor's opinions in future if he found him connecting up a wiring system so that when the rear light was switched on the electric horn roared continuously and when the horn button was pressed the fuses of the head lamps went west?

I venture to suggest that the only place on which the Social Service Week would work satisfactorily would be the stage. Art is so much easier to control than Nature, and the dramatist, knowing at the start what he wants to prove, can make his puppets prove it with happy disregard to probabilities.

Consider how one of our famous dramatists would deal with the problem.

We should be given a comedy somewhat on the lines of "The Admirable Crichton," but the scene (instead of being one of those uninhabited islands that have been such a boon to writers of romances, and to travellers whose

fictions are certainly stranger than truth) would be in England.

Doubtless, we should meet Lord Topsyhead of Turvymere, strongly conservative hereditary legislator, owner of three country seats in which he cannot afford to live, a castle let to an American billionaire tooth-paste proprietor, and a controlling interest in the Deedud Motor Combine, which by frequent reconstruction manages to pay occasional dividends to the shareholders by persuading them to subscribe more capital.

The love interest will be introduced by Lady Topsyhead, who sits in Parliament in the Moscow interest and is secretly in love with—

John Strongarm, the hero, once in the sand blasting department of Deedud Motors, but owing to his habit of blasting his employer out of business hours has been on the Dole until returned to Parliament as the hope of the Blasters' and Hot Air Producers' Union.

With these interesting characters, the enlightened dramatist will proceed to earn money for the Entertainment Tax-collector by proving to us how much better the world would be if Lord Topsyhead sand-blasted at the Deedud Motor Works, while the discharged employee managed the financial interests of the company when not organising strikes in the interests of his constituents, or lock-outs (or is it locks-out?) for his fellow directors.

Of course, you see the psychological possibilities of the theme. John Strongarm, as a master-stroke of policy, closes the works, thus allowing all the employees to claim the Dole, sells the machinery to a group of foreign financiers for three hundred million depreciated versts or droskies, as a munition manufacturing "cell" to be used in the domestic warfare he will presently promote, and will be presented with a magnificent motor-car of foreign manufacture by his worshipping patriots. In the car he will elope with the Lady Topsyhead to their



## MOTORISTS, THE MOST OPPRESSED OF ALL MORTALS!

spiritual home of Turvymere, as the wicked and effete peer, having by a lucky mistake, blasted himself to death with sand, will retire from the scene in a small casket which contains all that could be found of his remains.

The last scene will be the apotheosis of the now ennobled ex-blaster who built his house not upon sand but upon the solid rock of glorious anarchy.

I do not know what the play would prove; but that would not matter, as nowadays critics have to supply the morals, as most dramatists seem to have run out of stock of those unfashionable commodities.

Personally, I should welcome a Social Service Week, provided I could choose rôles for myself and friends, as well as for relations and other enemies. The various categories would certainly tend to merge, for some friends are very slightly less offensive than relations.

For myself, I think I would choose the part of magistrate and supersede for a week a certain motor-hating magisterial blighter who inflicted a fine on me recently for obstructing the traffic of a deserted byway while I sought a supply of the eau de vie without which I vainly explained the automobile was not mobile.

I should chain that magistrate into a very old car and force him to drive

without previous lessons, backwards and forwards along a stretch of deserted road watched by some of my more frequently fined motoring acquaintances attired as policemen, and he would be "my meat," as they used to say in the happy days of the Western outlaws.

If with nervous hands on the unfamiliar wheel he deviated from the straight line which, if Euclid had been a motorist, might have been defined as the shortest distance between two policemen, my myrmidons would have haled him before me charged with excessive lubrication while driving a car. I would have him stopped by one of my amateur policemen with a demand for his driving licence, which would not have been issued, and charged by another with obstruction while he stopped. If he argued, I would commit him for contempt, attempted manslaughter, and *non compos mentis, ne plus ultra, lignum vite*, and other obscure legal offences, and would bowl him out on each count until his accumulated sentences running consecutively would extend beyond his probable span of life.

Then after my useful period of activity on the Bench I should retire with a knighthood for services rendered to motorists, and for which I had

been recommended by more motoring friends who for a week would be occupying the seats of the mighty.

Just to show that I was not vindictive, I would add a codicil to my will placing a fund at the disposal of trustees for the erection of a monument over that magistrate, inscribed with his crimes, providing the prison authorities would agree that he should be buried in lime at midnight at a much-used cross-road where his epitaph could for ever remind motorists that at least one of their natural enemies received that for which he had asked.

During my glorious week of office many other offenders would have received their long-delayed rewards. I should have imposed heavy fines on infants in charge of baby carriages of high nurse power for failing to sound their rattles at corners. I should have imprisoned many pet Pekes and other hounds for attempted suicide beneath the wheels of cars, and would have passed heavy sentences on poultry farmers who allowed hens and ducks to wander on the highway without leads.

Yes, I think the Social Service Week would be an institution that motorists, as the most oppressed of all mortals, might support with real enthusiasm.

### A ROLLS-ROYCE CAR IN THE ALPS.

A ROLLS-ROYCE CAR at the mouth of the Parpaillon tunnel, the floor of which proved, on this occasion, to be covered with ice, and difficult to negotiate. The Col au Parpaillon may rank as the stiffest climb in the Alps, because the very limited number of passes which can show steeper angles are much lower, while the altitude of the Parpaillon road is no less than 8,671 feet. The ascent represents an average rise of 514 feet per mile, whereas even the Stelvio itself is only 372 feet per mile. The car, incidentally, made a splendid climb.





## STANDING CHARGES.

*Running costs per mile depend very largely upon the mileage covered in a given period.*

"**W**HAT do you reckon are your running costs?" I asked a friend who is both a business man and an enthusiastic motorist.

"About sixpence a mile," was his reply.

"But what mileage do you cover in the year?" enquired I.

"I don't know!" he said.

The car owner, even the shrewd car owner who judges his conveniences and pleasures in pounds, shillings, and pence, has fallen into the habit of estimating his running costs in a haphazard fashion which is misleading to the novice.

Running costs per mile depend very largely upon the mileage covered in a given period. Those thinking of investing in the great delight of a motor car will do well to reckon up costs far further than the capital expenditure, and suffer under no false delusions.

The car which needs practically no attention, which is economical on depreciation and tyres and fuel, is a boon worth almost as much as its weight in gold. But the best of cars are probably more expensive than they appear at first sight.

In estimating running costs, two distinct divisions should be made—firstly, the standing charges, and secondly, the running charges. The former vastly exceed the latter, and some basis of the estimated annual mileage is essential before costs per mile can be gauged.

I herewith have jotted down the standing charges on my light car, of the popular 12 h.p. class costing about £200, for one year:—

	£	s.	d.
Tax (£1 per h.p.) .. ..	12	0	0
Insurance .. ..	12	0	0
Garage charges .. ..	18	10	0
Depreciation (15 per cent.)	30	0	0

£72 10 0

In other words, my car, always ready for use, costs me nearly thirty

shillings a week before I begin to pay for my running expenses. It may stand idle for a month; I may be ill for weeks; it may be "in the shops" for weeks; but these charges are always against me. This is the price for the privilege of owning a taxed, insured, and housed vehicle.

Below I set out the actual running costs for one year, during which period I cover 5,000 miles. This, incidentally, is a very fair average for an owner-driver who uses his car for station-work, week-end outings, and summer holidays.

	£	s.	d.
Petrol, at 40 m.p.g. ..	10	0	0
Oil, at 1,000 m.p.g. ..	1	10	0
Tyres (10,000 m. apiece) ..	6	0	0
Estimated upkeep ..	10	0	0

£27 10 0

My total costs on this basis work out at 5d. per mile, and for this sum I have the inestimable pleasure of being able to take four persons anywhere at any time.



*The Roman Way near Bicester.*

If, however, I cover in the year 10,000 miles, which I might well do if I decide to run my car for business purposes, each mile costs me barely more than 3d. On the other hand, if I run only 2,500 miles, each mile costs me more than 8d.

This indicates quite clearly that the intending purchaser should estimate his annual mileage in order to find out if the purchase price and expenses are worth the benefits obtained.

What is the effect if I invest in a heavier type of vehicle, say, one of the 15 h.p. class? It will be found that the ratio between standing charges and overhead charges remains the same in almost all cases, until the really luxurious 50 h.p. limousine is indulged in.

There must be many cars costing more in tax than in anything else (barring insurance!) put together. Unless he has a special arrangement, Mr. Campbell's record-breaking Sunbeam costs him in tax the small fortune of £350 per annum.

Depreciation deserves more consideration from the intending motor car owner. Depreciation varies vastly with the make of car selected, and it is well to study second-car price lists before making an investment.

Those who neglect their cars and have no interest in them except as a new toy, selling to buy another each year, lose at least one-third of their capital on each transaction.

On the other hand, the careful owner-driver who takes a pride in efficient upkeep, will obtain good service from one car for at least ten years. On this basis, 10 per cent. depreciation is a maximum allowance, even if he means to give away his car, or bury it reverently, at the end.

Even for those who cannot spare the time to keep a log-book, it is well worth while to chalk on the garage wall the mileage of each run, so that some basis may be arrived at for estimating the costs of future operations.



COMO, SAN REMO AND VENICE—SUNNY SPOTS IN A SUNNY LAND.





MOTOR-CARS WASN'T INVENTED IN THEM DAYS—NOR FORDS NEITHER!

# A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

(Including a Dog's Tail).

By Fred Gillett.

FOR many years old Peter Bantam had suffered the pangs of motorphobia. In other respects he was sane and a very pleasant companion. He and his circle of bosom cronies would be sitting of an evening in the smoke-room of the "Rake and Pikel," discussing probable winners, the price of beer, sky defence, the literary taste of Cabinet Ministers, and other controversial subjects, in a friendly spirit, when suddenly the sound of a passing motor would rouse Peter Bantam's latent store of vituperation, as the horn of John Peel used to rouse the sleeper from his bed, and a barrage of expletives would explode against all motor drivers, in which the words "juggernaut," "speed-hog" and "road-fiend" were incarnadined. Peter would then order another drink—for, though he was a motorphobe, he was a bibendophile—and, having washed the flavour of the ill-tasting words from his mouth, he would return once more to geniality.

That went on for years, and none of the "regulars" took any notice. Strangers, hearing horrible maledictions issuing from the smoke-room, might ask what the row was about, to be reassured with, "It's only old Peter Bantam giving the go-by to a passing car. He'll be himself again in less than a minute."

The other evening there was a sensation in smoke-room circles at the "Rake and Pikel." Old Peter let a car go by without cursing it. He let another go with a nod and a smile. His cronies looked at one another almost in consternation. Was Peter losing his vital and vituperative powers—growing blind, deaf and dumb? When a third car passed, and Peter said, "Ah! they are often unjustly condemned, them motor-cars," it was clear that a change—if not a revolution—had occurred in Peter's established opinions.

Spriggins, the barber, nudged Short, the bootmaker, and said, "Peter's revoked."

"Them motors is often maligned by

thoughtless people who don't realise that they are sometimes blessings in disguise," said Peter, as another motor-car whisked past the window.

"Maligned! what shocking langwidge!" chuckled Crump, the butcher.

"He's suddenly changed his politics, like old Joey Chamberlain did," whispered the barber.

"What? have you suddenly fell in love with a petrol can, Peter, in your old age?" asked the landlord.

"Petrol cans has their uses," said Peter Bantam, "and so has tyres and mudguards and cardigan shafts and deferentials and startling handles and all other necessary adjuncts to these modern inventions. There's a place for everything—even motor-cars."

"Why! you were calling them 'wolves in sheep's clothing' and 'juggernauts' and worse yesterday, Peter!"

"Juggernauts has their uses," said Peter solemnly, "and when we're

cussing the devils we may be entertaining angels unawares. Cusses sometimes come home to roost."

"Have bats come to roost in your belfry? What's come over you, Peter?"

"Ah! I've had a scare. It might be called a premonition. It's the hand of fate—or the wheel of destination. I had a shock last night. Fill my glass, and I'll tell you about it."

They lent him their ears, and there was a gathering of interest as Peter proceeded to unfold his tale.

"Perhaps you didn't know my wife's mother's second cousin, Matilda?" he began. "More didn't I till yesterday. She wasn't a pleasant woman to know, by all accounts, and had some very strong and unreasonable dislikings to certain persons and things—prejuices, I might call them. I was one of the things she took a prejuice against many years ago. In short, she objected to my wife's marrying me. It wasn't no business of hers, seeing as she was only what they call a distant relativity. The worst of it was she had a tidy bit o' money—two thousand pounds in gold sovereigns, which she kept in an old stocking, or it might be a pair of old stockings with a thousand pound in each—but anyhow, what do you think she goes and does with that money?"

"Buys a Ford," suggested Mr. Spriggins.

"Tut! Motor-cars wasn't invented in them days—nor Fords neither. I'm talking of forty years ago. What do you think she does with all that hoarded gold? Why, she cuts my wife off with an antimacassar! That is to say, she sends her a table centre for a wedding present and says, 'This is all you'll ever get from me.' And why? For marrying beneath her—marrying me, mind you! Me—a yeoman farmer—beneath her—an auctioneer's daughter! Why, come to that, we were each making a good match, and marrying above each other's stations in life, so to say. But my wife's mother's second cousin



A west country cottage in typically luxuriant surroundings.



YES, A REAL VET-ER-IN-ER-ARY SURGEON, GENTLEMEN.

called it a messalliance. Preju'ice—that's what it was. Taking an unreasonable dislike to a thing for no reason—just as anybody might take an unreasonable dislike to motor-cars."

"And has the old girl come round?"

"Oh, yes. She come round last night. Turned up sudden with four boxes and a tin trunk and a parrot and one o' them little fancy dogs, and she said she was a lonely woman and was coming to live with us and was prepared to forgive and forget the past. In short, the old girl said, she had at last brought herself to consent to my marrying my wife, and hoped that we should all live happily together ever after. And the dog barked and the parrot lay down on its back and squorked 'Polly's dead!' fourteen times, to show they both approved of being included in the arrangement. That was a nice start, wasn't it—to say, 'Bless you, my children,' to a couple who'd been married forty blessed years—and have a dog and a parrot joining in the applause!"

A vote of sympathy was passed round the smoke-room and glasses were replenished.

"However," continued Peter, "my wife's mother's second cousin was not such a bad sort. Like motor-cars, she has been much maligned. She proved to be quite a sociable, gossipy, old body; and if it hadn't been for them two parasites of hers, the dog and the parrot, showing off their tricks all the time, and barking and squorking, and the old lady shrieking every two minutes, 'That's a clever Ponto! Bark at Polly! Now, Polly, show Ponto what a clever bird you are!' And the parrot would lay on its back, feet up'ards, and shriek, 'Polly's dead! Polly's dead!' and the dog would bark itself black in the face because it couldn't do that trick, and the old lady laughed and shrook, 'Wow! Ain't they just a pair of them, together!'" (Mr. Peter Bantam quoted the old lady's remarks in a high falsetto.) "If it hadn't been for all that, I say, we might all have been a happy family at this moment."

The narrator sighed and mopped his brow.

"Phew! It was a pantomonium, I tell you."

"But, what has all this to do with motor-cars, Peter?" asked the landlord.

"Ah! what has it? You may well ask. In the middle of all this pantomonium we was having supper—



*Porlock Hill, during a competition, showing the two bad hairpin corners.*

Yarmouth bloaters was the horse-dooovers. The old lady was just a-telling my wife how she'd got two stockings full of gold in her trunk and a will in my wife's favour. There was also a clause in the will making provision for the parrot and the dog. They were to have a hundred a year each for life, but should they predecease her, the



*Relics of a lustier age, mellowed in the spring sunshine.*

residue of their estate was to come to my wife—or some such arrangement, but I couldn't hear the details properly because the dog kept a-yap-yap-yapping and the sparrow a-squorking all the time, and just at that moment a motor car went past the gate and hooted at me, and I banged my fist on the table and said, 'Dang those carnal screech owls!' or some such words—the last cuss-words I shall ever use to a motor car—for just at that moment my wife's mother's second cousin's dog swallowed a bloater's wishbone and began to choke and turn purple round the gills, and though we thumped it on the back and shook it and tried it with a fork we couldn't dislodge that bloater's merry thought from its Adam's apple. And the parrot lay down in its cage and shrook, 'Ponto's dead!' And the old lady clasped her hands and shrook 'Save Ponto! He's too young to die! I'll give anybody a thousand gold pounds if they'll save his life!' That was good enough for me. I rushed out of the house to saddle my old nag and gallop off for the doctor when, lo and behold! just then I heard another motor hooting at me. I didn't cuss it, I just hollered and stopped it, and who do you think was a-driving of that there car?"

They all made guesses, jocular and otherwise.

"The Devil?" "The Doctor?" "A angel?" "Mr. Coué?" "Sexton Blake?" "Doctor Watson?"

"You're all wrong," said Peter. "It was a vet. Yes, a vet-er-in-er-ary surgeon, gentlemen. And he had that fishbone out of Ponto's throat in no time. Gentlemen," he concluded impressively, his voice quavering and his eyes moist, "if it hadn't been for that vet arriving in that car at that moment that poor little dog would have died. Would anybody cuss a motor car after that? As I say, juggernauts has their uses. There's a place for everything."

They all expressed human and proper sentiments.

"And so you touched for a thousand quid, Peter?" said the landlord.

"Yes, though it seemed a shame to take the money. The old lady threw her arms round my neck and called me her Red Cross Knight, and went up to her room, unlocked her tin trunk, and fetched out a stocking full of gold which she handed to me. I could hardly speak my thanks. I felt that emotionalised—but I mastered my feelings sufficiently to get the old girl to sign a deed of gift,



with the vet as a witness. Poor little Ponto! Sad to think I saved his life in vain! As I say, it was almost a shame to take the money, seeing how soon the wheels of fate were to overtake the poor little beast."

"Did the dog die, after all?"

"Yes, but not of fishbones. The vet calls this morning in his motor-car to enquire for his patient, and the grateful little animal rushes out to greet him, running round in circles barking at one end and wagging at the other, to show he was completely recovered, and then that juggernaut ran over little Ponto's tail."

"His tail? That wouldn't hurt him much. Is that all?"

"Well, it's not quite the end of it. When I say his tail, I mean that I thought at first it was his tail, because Ponto was one of those little black fluffy dogs, which looks the same at both ends. But when I come to pick him up I found that it was not his tail but his neck that had got under the wheels of fate. However, as I say, there's a place for everything and everything in its place, and how was that wheel to know which was which? I carried Ponto tenderly indoors and laid him on his back, feet up'ards, on the dining-room table and said to my wife very solemn, 'Ponto's dead!' Well!—if you don't believe me, the vet will bear me out—the poor parrot immediately dropped off its perch,



*Many years ago old Christopher discovered America—*

*but do you know there still remain in this old England of ours, in the remote corners, spots of incomparable beauty waiting to be discovered? The motorist has every opportunity and no excuse. And yet does he really know of them?*

turned turtle, and lay on its back and said 'Polly's dead!' and that parrot never smiled again. It had told the truth for the first time in its life. The shock killed it. It died of jealousy, because the dog had done its best trick so natural and life-like. The vet post-mortemed it and said it died of old age and heart failure—anyhow it died. They both died."

Peter Bantam sighed. "I'm worried," he said, "very worried. It's made me think what a slender thread life hangs by. There were the old lady's two fondest companions lying on their backs, side by side, feet up'ards, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Ah! it's an ill wind—"

"Don't take on so, Peter!" said the landlord. "It's mighty sad, losing a faithful dog and a pet parrot at one fell swoop, as you might say, but dogs and parrots, after all, are but mortal, and it might have been worse. It might have been a human being."

"That's what's worrying me an' my wife," said Peter. "We haven't told the old lady the sad news yet. She stayed in bed all to-day, not feeling very fit after the excitement of yesterday. She has a weak heart and is ninety-seven. We fear that when we break the news that Ponto and Polly have predeceased her, and that the residue of their estate will revert to my wife, the shock may prove too much and she'll do what the parrot did."



*The ancient cross in the market-place at Cheddar.*



# An Owner's Opinion after 42,000 miles on a 14/40 h.p.

## SUPREME SUNBEAM

THIS is a copy of a letter, quite unsolicited, which reached us a few weeks ago. It is typical of the satisfaction the Sunbeam owner derives from his Car.

Cheshire,  
Dear Sirs, 9-12-24.

Re 14 h.p Sunbeam Car No. 5073B.

I bought the above car in the early months of 1922 and I have now covered over 42,000 miles. I always take and file every penny paid in the cost for the running of every detail for my cars and I believe that the following particulars will be of interest to you. I have paid to date exactly £288/4/4

for the running of this car, and if you work this out over 42,000 miles it pans out at 1½d. per mile, which I consider is a marvellous performance. In coming to the above figures I have not added the tax of the car and insurance, which, of course, would add—as I have a full all-in policy—another £90, but even with this added the cost of running the car then would only work out at 2½d. per mile.

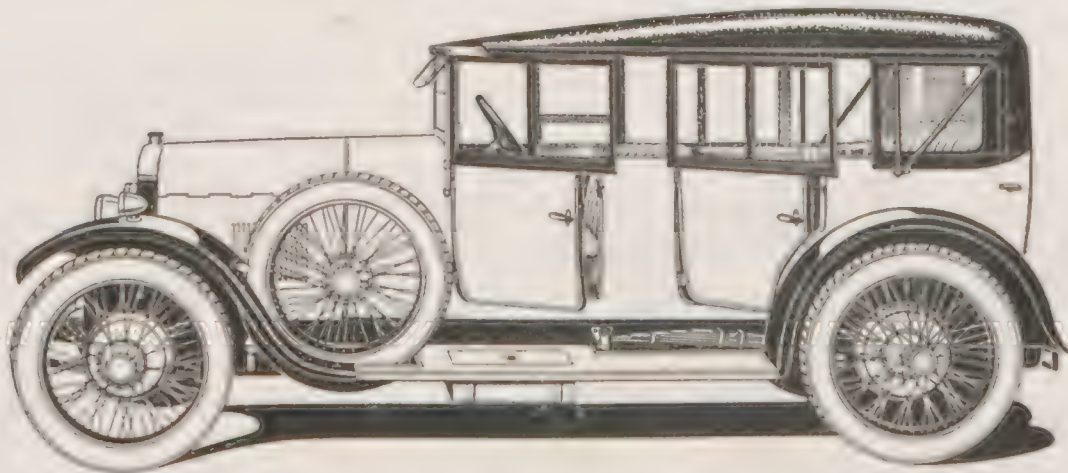
I have just had my car in your Manchester Depot to have the brakes relined, and although your Staff overhauled the car for me while in, they found nothing to complain about. The engine is running as well to-day as ever it did.

Yours faithfully, H.G.C.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.

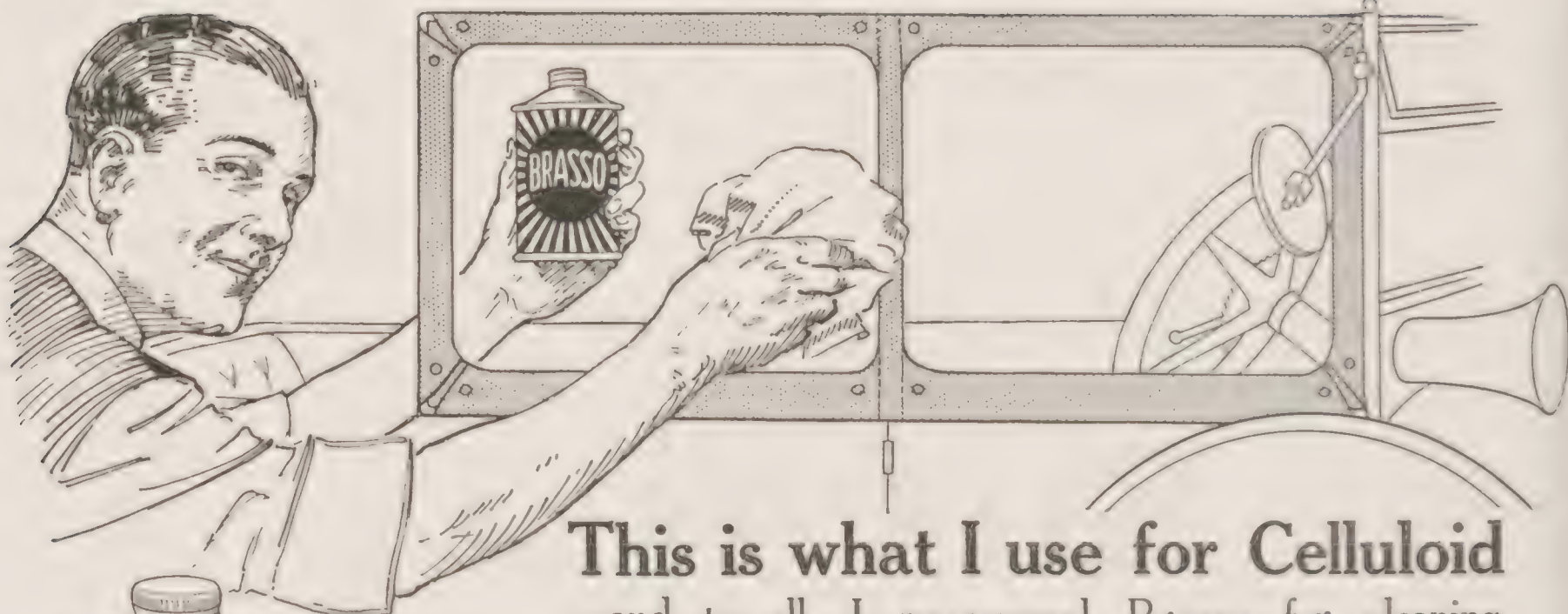
London Showrooms & Export Dept.: 12, Princes St., Hanover Square, W.1.

Manchester Showrooms: 106, Deansgate.



14/40 h.p. Four-cylinder Open Touring Car, price £685 including All-weather Equipment.  
12/30 h.p. Touring Model, £570. 20/60 h.p. Touring Model. £950.





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—and to all, I recommend Brasso for cleaning  
celluloid side curtains and wind-screens. Brasso  
will make them clear and free from smears. I  
always keep a Tin of Brasso in the Garage, both  
for cleaning the celluloid and polishing the metals.



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LONDON.

**BRASSO**  
cleans Celluloid

*Benzole Shortage*

**National Benzole  
Mixture**

*is considerably richer in aromatic hydrocarbon  
(Benzole) content than the best grade Petrol  
and consequently ensures added power, con-  
siderably greater mileage, sweeter running  
and the total elimination of pinking.*

*"The world's best motor spirit"*

Although the Benzole production of  
the United Kingdom is restricted

**"National Benzole"**  
is available

throughout the country  
in the form of

**National Benzole  
Mixture**

*Richest in aromatic content*

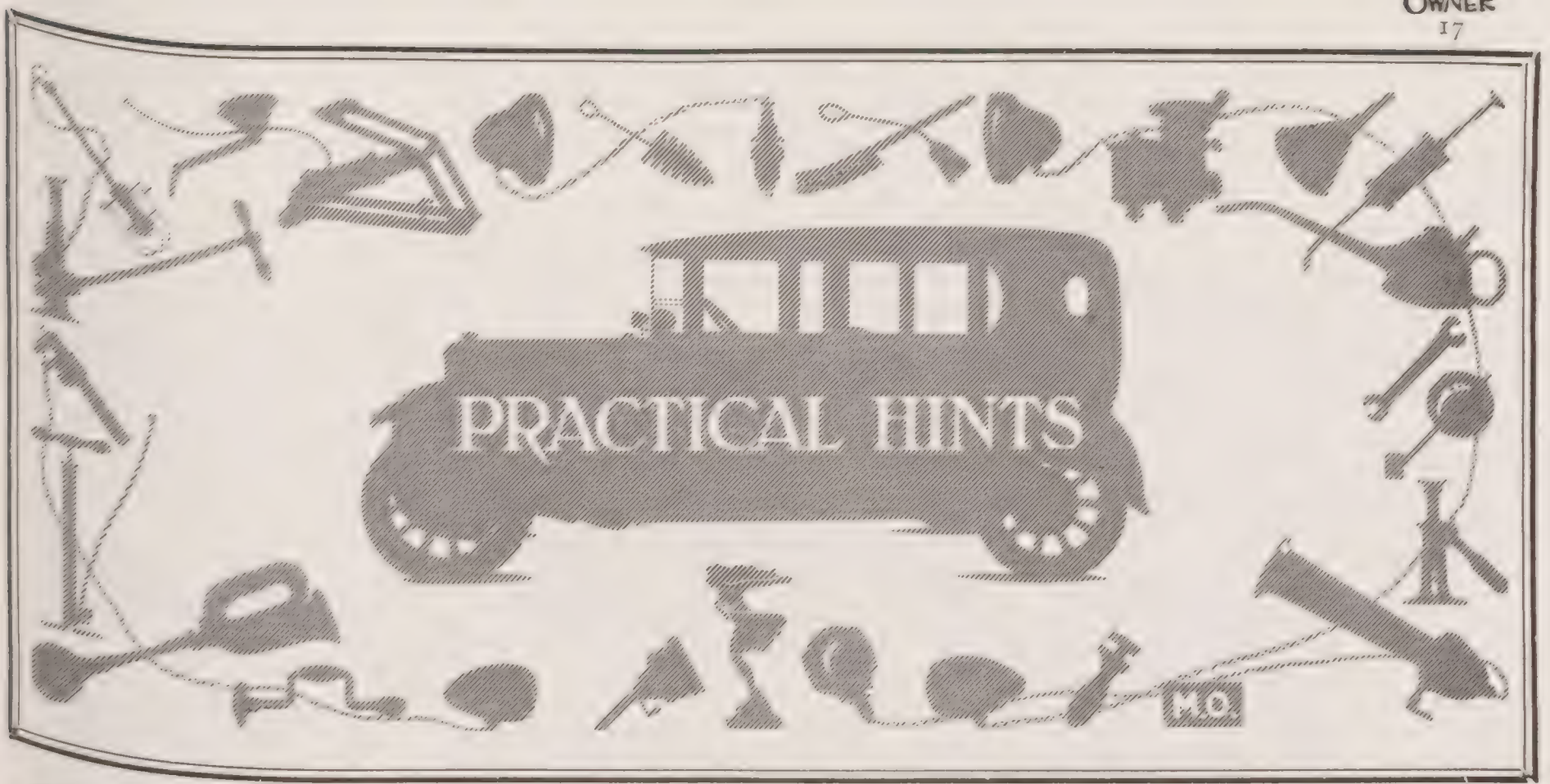
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**Benzole content**  
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Sold at 1d. per gallon  
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price

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### On Frost.

**A**T the moment of writing it may be said that we have had a comparatively mild winter; but this, far from being a matter for congratulation, is rather a cause for dismay.

The seasons generally level themselves up, more or less, so by the law of averages, instead of having reached the fag-end of frost and snow conditions, we have still the major portion to come.

It is, therefore, a fitting occasion on which to emphasize the necessity for taking care of the car in cold weather.

The chief danger we have to protect ourselves against is the possibility of the water in the radiator or cylinder jackets becoming frozen. When this happens the expansion of the ice may cause a burst; and such disasters are expensive to repair.

Improved methods of casting the cylinder blocks have rendered this danger much less pronounced, but it still exists in a minor degree. Naturally, the resistance of a cylinder jacket is dependent upon its weakest part. If the wall of a cylinder is exceptionally thin in one place, it is at that spot the burst will most likely occur. Modern methods of casting have been directed to giving an even all-round strength to the cylinder walls. As already indicated, this, whilst reducing the danger, does not eliminate it; therefore the necessity arises for taking precautions.

The methods to be adopted may be roughly divided into two classes—the first, for those motorists who are in the habit of using their cars every day; the second, for the intermittent section.

The car which gets a daily outing is in a better condition for resisting frost influences. When garaged the water in the radiator and engine is probably at 180 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and the crankcase, gearbox, and even rear axle are all hot. This heat value is transferred to the air in the garage during the cooling down process, appreciably warming the atmosphere.

It follows, therefore, that it takes the frosty air outside much longer to reduce the interior temperature to the danger point. Consequently it will be found that the only precaution necessary for the car left merely overnight is to wrap a big warm rug round the radiator and bonnet. Of course, we are assuming that the garage is a brick one, with well-fitting doors.

Whilst mentioning the rug device, a reminder may be given as to the necessity for taking this precaution when a car is left standing for hours during frosty weather.

Now for the car which is left unused for days on end. In this case the simplest protection is to let the water out by means of the small drain tap, or plug cap.

When the car is taken into use again fill up with hot water. This will render the engine easy to start by thinning the oil films which will have become "tacky."

There are other ways of meeting the difficulties. The obvious one of keeping the garage warm by means of the safety lamps and stoves sold for the purpose will suggest itself; but the anti-freezing dopes are not so generally known.

These have their disadvantages, but a strong point in their favour is that

they serve equally well in the daytime when a car has to be left standing for extended periods.

Commercial glycerine mixed with the water, in the proportion of one part of glycerine by volume to four parts of water will ensure safety down to about 20 degrees Fahrenheit. A 33 per cent. by volume mixture will ensure safety in any normal frost likely to be met in Britain.

Methylated spirit in similar proportions may be used, but it must not be forgotten that the mixture becomes steadily weaker owing to evaporation, as the car is used.

### On Snow.

In our last issue we dealt with driving difficulties on snow-clad hills. We may usefully follow this up by a few words concerning motoring on roads under similar climatic conditions.

You know that just a sprinkle of snow on either a dry or wet road makes little or no difference; the wheels of the car practically "drive through it," and get direct contact with the road surface.

When the snow is deep enough to offer an obstacle to the wheels "getting through" it, any skid that may occur will be much more severe than on normal road surfaces.

This is caused by the fact that friction between rubber and compressed snow is materially smaller than that between rubber and ordinary road surface. Indeed, this applies to harder materials than rubber. You can prove our assertion for yourself.

Test how readily a brick will slide over compressed snow. Then clear away the snow from the same spot, and



## MORE COASTING HINTS.

note the increased force necessary to slide the brick. It has not changed its gripping qualities, but the surface has. This relative state of affairs also applies to tyres under similar conditions.

Having realised, therefore, that in driving on clean snow your car will skid more readily, and to a greater extent, you will allow more space in which to pull up.

If you are sufficiently skilled, you may utilise an intentionally produced skid as a braking medium; but the manoeuvre requires space, and experience not possessed by the average driver. This being so, it is wiser to allow the little extra space, thus avoiding the need for any sudden braking effort.

### On Hills.

We will now deal with the question of coasting, giving alternative methods for varying conditions.

Let us start on a note of warning. Do not take full advantage of the car's coasting powers unless the hill is straight, clear of traffic, and without side turnings.

One loses a large measure of control when the gear is put into neutral. With the engine free from the road wheels, neither acceleration nor deceleration can be practised beyond the small degree permitted by varying the application of the brakes.

Taking into consideration what an important factor engine control becomes in moments of danger, it will be readily admitted that it should not be relinquished unless the conditions are obviously safe.

The descent from Hindhead to Godalming is an example of a hill on which a car may be allowed to drop down by gravity, always supposing that traffic conditions are favourable.

When it is not feasible to take full advantage of the force of gravity, it is permissible to run down with the clutch pedal depressed and the engine running light.

Under such conditions, if circumstances suddenly demand the powers of acceleration or deceleration

provided by the engine, they are instantly available. It is the matter of a moment to let in the clutch again. The objection to this method is the considerable physical effort necessary to hold the clutch out of engagement for any length of time.

Let us now take a hill not precipitous but far from straight, the sort of hill where something is always happening just round the bend. Obviously, a hill on which it is not wise to take any chances, so leave the clutch and gears alone. The engine may be switched off; if an extra air valve is fitted, this should be thrown wide open, to assist in cooling, and to lessen the possibility of the pistons

pumping oil into the combustion chambers.

Here you have a method whereby the engine is not only available for braking, but is, in fact, a very powerful brake. By closing the air valve and switching on, one can get going at any moment. It is also a fairly economical method; when the air valve is open, there is very little suction on the carburettor jets.

Last of all, there is the out-and-out dangerous hill. Slow right down to a walking pace on arriving at its brow, engage the lowest gear, and let the car slowly negotiate it with a closed throttle. Do not switch off. It means wasted petrol, but a gain of absolute safety. The brakes will be used very lightly, if at all, so there is no fear of burning out the linings, even if the hill is especially long.

### On Floods.

We have dealt with snow and frost conditions as applied to motoring; water in its natural state remains for attention.

There is reasonable hope that the floods with which winter driving has been plagued these last two months have come to an end; but it is a foolhardy prophet who exercises his gift in regard to British weather. In any case, if floods are fortunately infrequent, circumstances frequently arise when it becomes necessary for a driver to take his car through patches of water. In that event here is a point which he should take into consideration. He should know the height from the ground of the vulnerable parts of his car, so that he may be in a position to decide if the water risk he is about to take is justifiable.

The magneto, carburettor, and starter-motor will readily spring to his mind as parts which would suffer severely from the influx of water; but he is apt to forget the exhaust pipe outlet. This is very often not more than eight inches from the road level; its temporary submersion would very likely stop the engine.



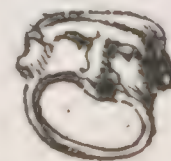
*The disposal of one's car, supposing it to be owner-driven, is one of the biggest problems of the motorist in London—and an ever increasing problem, too. They have solved the problem to a great extent, at any rate, in Johannesburg.*



LOOKING ON THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS.



The Marvelletti Family, eccentric acrobats, prove that driving a new car against rocky obstacles is a perfectly safe pastime, provided you know the principal holds.

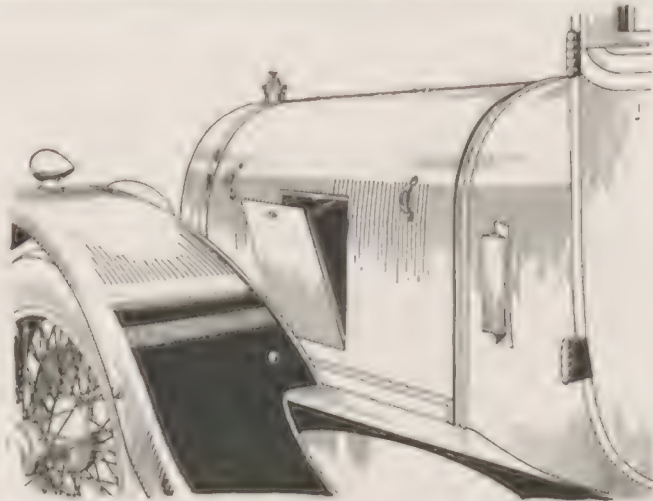


When you asked the garage man to try and trace that squeak.

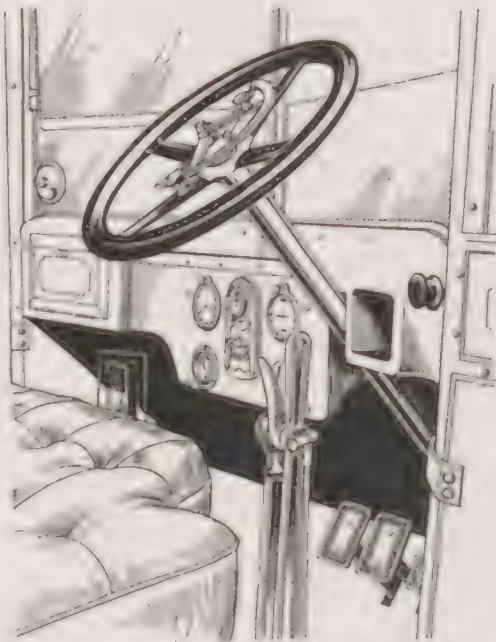


## THE 20 H.P. DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE—A LUXURIOUS MOTOR CARRIAGE.

*Additional cooling for hot weather motoring can be easily obtained by the simple method illustrated. There is an adjust-*



*able panel in both sides of the radiator bonnet, and two scuttle ventilators. Note the sturdily constructed mudguards.*



*The instrument board is independent of the bodywork, so that any possible body vibration—a very inconspicuous feature—does not affect the efficient working of the instruments fitted, however delicate. With a double “V”-fronted wind screen and sturdy controls, driving comfort is assured.*

A CAR that will stand up to the strains of continuous high speeds; be practically vibrationless, thus giving comfortable and easy running; and requiring the minimum of attention—and this, when necessary, be accomplished with all simplicity—is surely a praiseworthy proposition. Moreover, possessing an unspoiled reputation for high grade and beautifully finished workmanship in regard to both chassis and bodywork—and the model concerned is a 5/7 seated enclosed landaulette—it is doubly commendable! Such a car is the 20 h.p. 6-cylinder Delaunay-Belleville.

The six-cylinder engine has extraordinary power-developing qualities, and yet it can be decidedly docile for town running. Gear changing, steering, and the suspension are each delightful features, the latter with semi-elliptic springs in front and semi-elliptic springs, transverse, and combined with Houdaille shock absorbers, at the rear. Lubrication to the engine is by gear pump; and the Tecalemit system of forced lubrication to the chassis and springs.

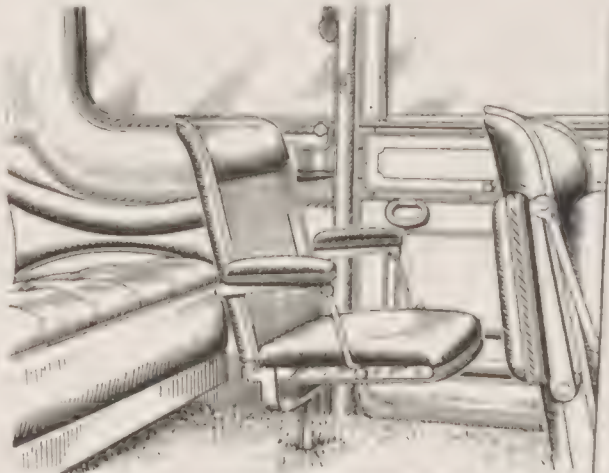
The enclosed landaulette body truly represents the acme of riding comfort. It is luxuriously sprung and upholstered; exquisitely fitted throughout—all windows are of the frameless sliding type; there is a sliding glass partition at the rear of the driving seat, thus making it suitable as chauffeur or owner-driven, and it is of pronouncedly graceful appearance.

In a few words, we found this Delaunay-Belleville model to be a fast touring car and an admirable town carriage—a vehicle of comfort, grace and power.



*Beneath the front driving seats there is a deep and spacious compartment wherein the tools are housed, and giving ample accommodation for spares and other odd impedimenta. Our picture shows the seat removed from its recess, and gives an excellent idea of the deeply padded upholstery.*

*The interior of the enclosed landaulette body is the acme of riding comfort. It is luxuriously fitted out with all sorts of “comforts”;*



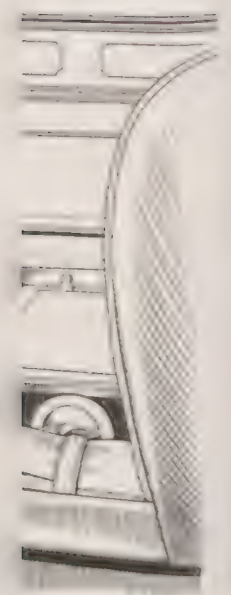
*and there is much beautiful panelling. Occasional seats can be erected in a few seconds, which, when not required, may then be folded away.*



THE DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE AT WHEATLEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

RRIAGE.

both sides  
or bonnet,  
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protected.



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if fixed, may  
be led away.



THE two subjects of our picture: i.e., the ancient "lock-up" at Wheatley and the 20 h.p. 6 cyl. Delaunay-Belleville Enclosed Landaulette, form a very striking contrast in lines—hard simplicity as against pronounced beauty and grace.



"CHIEFLESS CASTLE BREATHING STERN FAREWELLS."

## M O T O R I N G      W I T H      E V E .

No. 13.—*From Lincoln to Gainsborough, Pontefract and York.*

*We visit a Castle of Memories and a Field of Carnage.*

EVE and I said *au revoir* to beautiful Lincoln with much regret. We should have lingered longer amidst its charms had time admitted, but the period we could remain in the North was limited; and there was so much we wanted to see farther on before returning to London.

We left the cathedral city by the road whose signpost amongst other information indicated that Gainsborough is 19 miles away.

Signposts always have had a weird fascination for Eve. Even from her very early days, when to spell out a rather long town was somewhat of an effort, they have not only directed, but beckoned her.

At the mature age of eight—I refer to her years, not mine—I was pressed into her service as carpenter and sign-writer. We had only one signpost, a boggled article at that. I not only made it but *carried* it when we took our walks abroad. A portion of my duty was to chalk on its projecting arm the town to which we were to proceed.

The actual spot was usually a few hundred miles away, but we accomplished the journey in the space of a quarter of an hour. Then we obliterated the town we were supposed to have reached and chalked on another, to which we were to make our way.

I plead indulgence for this digression. It was caused by the fact that Gainsborough was a prime favourite amongst Eve's fanciful resorts; and, as previously indicated, the car was now carrying us towards it in reality.

You can reach this town by the broad road which runs through West Drayton and East Retford, but there is a more direct, though narrower way, which leads through the villages of Marton and Lea. This was the one we took.

We ran through Gainsborough without stopping, for, although it is a town of ancient associations, they have become swamped in modern industrialism. Not to put too fine a point upon it, engineering works and oil-cake factories mix badly with romance. Yet, as Eve reminded me, a Saxon king had once come a-wooing to the Gainsborough of his period. It was no less a person than Alfred, whom history has, with justice, christened "The Great." His courting was successful, for here he was married to the lady, who rejoiced in the pretty name of Ethelswitha. On second thoughts I must recall, or at least qualify, my remark concerning Romance and oil-cakes, for Gainsborough is the "St. Oggs" of George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*.

We left Gainsborough by the East Retford road, but branched off to the right after pursuing it for a mile or so, for Bawtry, which is one of the gateways of Yorkshire. It stands on the Great North Road, whose course we followed so far as Doncaster, stopping there for lunch.

And Doncaster is a pleasant town to

lunch in, provided the meal is not required during that hectic September week when the St. Leger is run. At that period it is just as well to provide your own "nosebag," unless you think scrambling for the "Grub Stakes" is part of the fun!

However, on other than race-days, Doncaster takes on the peacefulness of a quiet, dreamy country town. It was so that Eve and I found, and left, it.

The end of our day's run was to be York, and, as I need hardly remind you, the direct road to it is through Bentley and Selby; but a little way to the left is Pontefract, a town of warrant, a town of much entertainment to one who loves to delve into the past.

Believe me, the motorist who is bound for York from Doncaster, always supposing his object is pleasant dalliance, does not grudge the few extra miles that will enable Pontefract to be brought into the journey. If he does, then he is a slave to speed, or carries petrol economy to the point of a vice!

Need I say that Eve and I took the divergent miles quite cheerfully? And very beautiful miles they were to traverse. Miles of open country, and sunny meadows, interspersed with numerous clumps of trees.

A short way from Doncaster we passed the well which has borne for centuries the name of Robin Hood, with what justification I will leave antiquarians to settle. And the country through which we passed, as we pursued our way, was once the very heart of Sherwood Forest. Only a coppice here and there remains of the virgin forest; but Eve peopled each one we came to with Friar Tuck, Little John, the redoubtable Robin Hood himself,



*The 15th century church and the Castle of Pontefract.*



"ANY PEACE IS BETTER THAN CIVIL WAR."

and the rest of the merry band of outlaws.

Sceptics may label them as legendary creations, but my fair comrade is quite sure they once existed. "A fig for those historians who insist on an entry in a parish-church registry betokening arrival, and an inscription on a tombstone as sign of departure, before giving official sanction to heroes or heroines!" is the burden of her complaint.

With such reflections as these we beguiled the way until we had climbed the long ridge beneath whose shelter is the town of Pontefract. And there, on the opposite slope, are the ruins of its Castle of Memories, but a shell of former greatness, yet still keeping watch and ward over the town below it.

We passed the fine fifteenth century church, with its beautiful octangular lantern tower and shattered nave and choir, co-victims with the Castle above of the siege fighting in 1648-1649. Then we garaged the car, and set out afoot to climb the hill to the Castle ruins, and on the way we pondered over the facility with which history repeats itself.

Our cogitations framed themselves out of the town's name, which signifies "broken bridge," derived from the Roman title *Ad Pontem Fractam*. The Romans built the first town, and after their withdrawal, the fine buildings, together with the bridge across the River Aire were devastated by the invading Saxons, or perhaps by the flying Romanised Britons.

Then time in its whirligig took its revenge. The Saxons, no longer pursuers, but fugitives, broke down another Aire bridge at Castleford, to hamper the advance of the Norman, William the Conqueror.

However, the expedient only caused a temporary check to William's triumphal march. He overtook and beat the Saxons. The castle to which we were climbing was one of the chain he built to cement his conquest.

Pages could be—and, indeed, have been—written on the part this castle of Pontefract has played in the history of our country and the tragedies it has seen. Here we can only touch the fringes of its story.

At Pontefract was executed Thomas, Earl of

Lancaster, rich and ambitious leader of the Barons, who were at variance with Edward II. He was a townsman of Pontefract and, for eight years, virtually King of England, the real monarch being but a mere puppet in his hands. Eight years of almost unlimited power—and then defeat by the King at the battle of Boroughbridge, and death at the hands of the executioner in his native town.

Seventy-eight years later a king is murdered in the dungeons of the Castle. It is the ill-fated Richard II, carried here after his more or less enforced abdication at the Tower.

Henry IV, his rival and successor, maintained that Richard, rather than suffer imprisonment, had met his death by voluntary starvation. Evidently our modern hunger-strikers are reversions to fifteenth century type.

However, this assertion of Henry's was generally disbelieved, so, by his instructions, the body was brought south and exhibited at St. Paul's Cathedral. The fact that only the face of the dead man was exposed rendered this device of small value as evidence. Whatever the verdict of Henry's contemporaries, posterity refuses to believe in his innocence.

But the tale of sudden death is by no means finished. Several Yorkist gentlemen were executed in the Castle after the Battle of Wakefield; and Earl Rivers, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Grey were beheaded by order of Richard III, in 1483.

I have left myself no space to describe in detail the deeds of daring performed in and around the Castle

during the Stuart Civil War. It changed hands more than once, and sustained three sieges, the last of which put it out of action for ever and left it the blackened ruin we now see.

We left Pontefract by Ferrybridge and, turning to the left, joined the Great North Road again. We were now in the country of, perhaps, the bloodiest combat ever fought on English soil; for between Ferrybridge and Tadcaster raged the battle of Towton, one of the most critical of the War of the Roses. On this field the followers of the Red Rose were hopelessly defeated with enormous slaughter, and Edward, Earl of March, gained a throne. The first clash came at the strategic point Ferrybridge, where Edward's advanced guard was surprised and driven back, whilst the Lancastrians held the bridge. But Edward, a born tactician, did not attempt to capture the bridge, as expected by his opponents, but made a detour with his main army and crossed the Aire at Castleford, unopposed. Once more we find the Aire bridges near Pontefract making history.

The Lancastrians at Ferrybridge, cut off from their base, retreated towards Sherburn, fighting desperately.

As our car ran over the ground which they took our thoughts were busy with the events of that running fight in which they were hopelessly beaten and their leader slain. But this was but the preliminary to the main contest. A few miles farther, and we were on the ground where the battle between the two main armies was fought, on the hills outside Tadcaster. We pictured the scene

as it must have been on that snowy Palm Sunday of 1461. The fierce, bloodthirsty eagerness of the combat; the defeated Lancastrians, once a proud army now a hopeless rabble, hurled down into the river below; their bodies forming a bridge on which the conquering Yorkists crossed on their triumphal progress. The river ran with blood for two days, after the fight was concluded.

The memories of that carnage stayed with us all the way to York, only to be banished when we passed through the noble Micklegate Bar, and through narrow streets to our hotel near Bootham Bar.



Bootham Bar with the Minster in the distance, York.



## AN INN IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.

*Hill country is always beautiful. Dartmoor, the Lake District, the Chilterns—each outstrips the others in sheer grandeur and majesty according to the individual point of view. Then there are the famous Cotswold Hills and the rich country they encompass. For the motor owner, too, there is Broadway.*

NINETY miles from London, athwart the main London-Oxford - Aberystwyth road, lies Broadway. Stratford, the home of the Bard; Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Tewkesbury—each of these ancient centres of what was always typically English, and whose appeal to the motorist is no less strong than it was to earlier, and slower, generations—each one of these beauty spots is less than twenty-five miles from Broadway.

Though the tourist by road will know his Stratford or his Cheltenham, it does not follow that he has seen Broadway. To have passed it by is to have missed much.

Its attraction is dual. First, the entrancing country in which it nestles; the Cotswolds, on whose western slopes it lies; the rich plain to the north-west and west, where flows the bending, looping Avon; Evesham Vale, to which the Malvern and Welsh hills form the background; lone, lone pasture land atop the hills, where man or habitation is scarce and nature is multitudinous; the valleys and impotent streams in the lower distance—this is the Broadway country. Is it not worth going ninety miles—or whatever the distance from one's setting-off point—to gaze on and to remember?

Into this first and more omnipotent lure of Broadway and the country that encircles it you may dip, and keep on dipping, and yet will you go on discovering your fresh way, your unbeaten, yet "navigable," track to explore. So much the better.

Then there is the Lygon Arms. Few visiting the Lygon Arms will gainsay that, aesthetically, and in the rare charm of atmosphere on all sides, it is the inn of inns, a

caravanserai extremely hard to equal.

The reason is simple. It lies in the meticulous—almost religious—preservation, creation and beatification of what is old and wonderful—dear, not cheap.

Twenty years ago the Lygon Arms could boast of a middle sixteenth century origin, and there its boastings ended abruptly. Its outer shell was certainly old—indeed, it still stands—but naught of the charm and magnetism of the old inn could you find within. All this is now changed. Twenty years' unceasing labour has wrought a complete re-birth—inside. The ugly and grotesque has gone; the old has been re-created and restored. The result is a genuine "period" hostelry.

So are there the Charles Room and the Cromwell Room, apartments not theirs merely by name, for both King and Protector came to Broadway in the course of the great Civil War—Charles, indeed, many times; and tradition says it was in the oak-panelled room at the Lygon Arms

that, on May 9 or 10, 1645, he met his local adherents. Certainly was this apartment of such a nature that high affairs of State could safely be discussed in it; and there exists, in addition, documentary evidence to support the tradition.

The Cromwell Room, in many ways the finest part of the old house, true to its name, contains many genuine pieces of furniture of the period, and is very much as it might have been when the great Parliamentarian stayed at the Arms in 1651. 'Tis said that it was in this room that Cromwell himself slept *en route* for Worcester in the same year.

A much-prized feature of this unique old hostelry is a magnificent collection of old furniture, which has been carefully acquired and which is of the same date as the house. An exquisite Elizabethan table which stands in the Great Hall is a superb example of a period which was probably the high-water mark of oak furniture in this country.

Lovers of old coins can feast their eyes upon a collection of silver coins of Edward I, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and copper coins of the Georges uncovered in the process of restoration.

Originally, and for the greater part of its existence, a "White Hart," a badge of Richard II, the property passed to one General Lygon, one of Wellington's generals at Waterloo, who, selling it, is reputed to have requested that the name be changed to the Lygon Arms. Hence one of the few old tavern names to-day that spring from a comparatively obscure and private individual.

The discriminating car owner could scarce wish for a more promising tour than to seek Broadway.



*The Lygon Arms, Broadway.*



FROM A MOTOR ADVENTURER'S LOG BOOK.

PURRING ACROSS THE BALKANS.

*In May last Major Forbes-Leith left Leeds to travel with two companions to Quetta in North-West India. He did the whole journey in a Wolseley car which humorously he called Felix II. After many adventures and vicissitudes Major Forbes-Leith reached his destination. One of the most difficult parts of the journey was the course through the Balkan States, which is very vividly described in the following extracts from the log-book kept by the leader of the expedition.*

"BELGRADE.

**W**E have just arrived here, after a most wearying day struggling over a series of tracks which were once fine metal roads but which, thanks to the ravages of war, can hardly be followed. Felix purred for 136 miles to-day at an average speed of under 12 m.p.h. Reader, can you imagine nearly twelve hours at a wheel when you pick your way in and out of a chessboard of pot-holes, each square of which is cornered with rocks, any one of which would sweep your axle backwards if you hit it, and every second, even with the most careful driving, you are thrown up nearly to your hood and where every passenger has continually to use his body weight to counteract the shocks. Such has been our journey for the last two days, travelling from Zagreb to Belgrade, and every one of us is stiff, tired and bruised, and we welcome a forced two days' rest with zest.

"SOFIA.

"We left Belgrade for Kragmevahn at 3 p.m. with 45 miles to do before dark, on roads we have been told are 'good'; but, alas! the road was being rebuilt for 20 miles out of Belgrade, and three hours' running through ditches and ploughed fields found us at dark at a very dirty village, Popavitch. Its last four letters are most significant of the place, which we shall always remember; in fact, we remember it as one long 'itch.' The hunting was excellent, and I do not think one of us slept for an hour.

"It is strange to be in a country again where every cart-horse and bullock takes fright at our car, and it is hard to believe that in the last five days' running we have only seen three motor cars. I am sorry to say that, try as we can to help the peasant to pass the car with his horses, we have left behind us a trail of ditched wagons. At one village a wagon was standing unattended. We stopped some yards away and shouted for the owner. The

horses, however, did not wait, and bolted. Over went the wagon, off came the wheels, bags of flour and other goods strewn the road, and only the discomfort of dragging an upturned cart pulled them up. We spend most of our time now crawling past terrified animals, and I estimate we lose at least 20 miles a day on that account alone."

The Bulgarian frontier was passed at the top of the Dragonian Pass. The log continues:—

"What a climb and what a road! It was just a green track to this "no man's land," with huge rocks peeping out to guide one, and we thought that even the willing Felix would give up in despair. We entered a tremendous gorge and suddenly were brought to a standstill. On rounding a corner we found the road completely blocked with hundreds of tons of earth and rock, which would have taken a steam shovel a week to remove and which was caused by a cloud-burst a few days before. This absolutely cut us off from Bulgaria. But we were not to be daunted. A hurried survey for an hour showed us a way below into the river bed, and after a most exciting crawl for two hours through water which was deep enough to threaten the carburettor, over rocks, through sand which tried to consume him, Felix emerged triumphant on the main road with just another fine effort to his record."

ADRIANOPLE.

On the road from Sofia to Philippopolis, the great divide between East and West was crossed.

"Another day of more terrible tracks swimming with thick mud, in which we stuck again and again, and we arrived veritably caked to the eyes with mud at Philippopolis late in the evening. Since leaving Belgrade we have had a continual fight with mud, and it was easy to realise that had we started earlier we should have been delayed until now, as it is only the fact that having a dry surface a few weeks ago (and which the wheels of

Felix dig down to) enables us to carry on. Had we attempted to pass in the spring we should have failed. Our progress has been slow, but in all my war experience of motoring in West Africa, Mesopotamia and Persia, never have I met such conditions as we have experienced in this the second half of our European journey, where war has ravaged the highways again and again in countries where the recuperative power is slow. Only a fine car could have stood it, and here we are now at the edge of Europe, as yet without a mechanical defect and with the air of London still in our tyres. The driving has been a continual nervous strain on all, including those who have not handled the wheel. I am very proud of Felix and feel confident that he will win through with flying colours. To-day we have completed 2,912 miles, or nearly half-way on our journey, and I feel that the desert will be a welcome change from this awful spring shaking.

"As we started from the Turkish frontier post at Adrianople another terrible storm burst, and at the first bridge while we were trying to get through the detour path we were stuck with our rear wheels in 18 inches of mud. Here the Sergeant-Major galloped up to say that the water was 5 feet deep at the other breaks. We were already wet through, but by superhuman efforts we got the car on the road again and returned to the Customs and changed into dry clothes. When the rain abated we (camera man and I) set off on foot, leaving the third member to guard luggage and car, and did an eight-mile walk to survey the breaks, as it was obvious that it would take days to dry up the country enough for us to pass. There were five bridges down, the first two of which could be manipulated fairly easily by making a small detour from the road and making temporary plank bridges. The other three were all within half a mile and could only be passed by doing at least a mile of swamp and four muddy streams. Whilst inspecting, another storm broke, and we arrived back like



PROGRESS AT 200 YARDS PER HOUR.

drowned rats and returned to our kind hosts at Svielengrad dead beat. All the same, we searched the village and hired a cartload of stout planks and stout rope. The kind Major lent us Bulgarian transport and we set off the following morning; but as soon as we were well started we were again beaten back by the weather. On our return, Camera Man developed a temperature and turned in, and we had fears for him; but after copious doses of quinine and aspirin he arose next day fairly fit, and off we went again. This time the Major insisted on accompanying us with a guard as it was rumoured that a band of 60 Communist refugees from justice, who had turned brigands,

were in the hills and had robbed and killed several travellers north of the main road. The clouds threatened again, but luckily the weather held, and our bridges went up quickly over the first two streams, and by a certain amount of manual assistance we got to the big break.

"We had a fatigue party of 10 Turkish infantry, and these were harnessed to the car and she was lifted and drawn alternately at about 200 yards per hour to the first stream, where we threw a rough bridge of broken girders and planks across. This was repeated. We would be drawn 30 yards until the axle was resting in the swamp, and then we

would lift her bodily a yard or two and start again. That was the longest mile I ever did, and it took four hours; but patience was at last rewarded and we finally got on to hard ground amidst the cheers of Turk and Bulgar soldiers, mud up to the eyes but very happy.

"CONSTANTINOPLE.

"At last we have finished Europe. This is the first time a car has entered the Sublime Porte under its own power from Britain, and our last few days were not by any means the least memorable of our journey, and at the same time at no period have we faced so many difficulties in such a short time."

FORBES LEFTH.



*Real "rough-going" near Ismid, Asia Minor.*



*In the Taurus Mountains.*



*Passing over an old Roman Bridge.*



NO ! BUT HE GOT THE STEERING WHEEL !



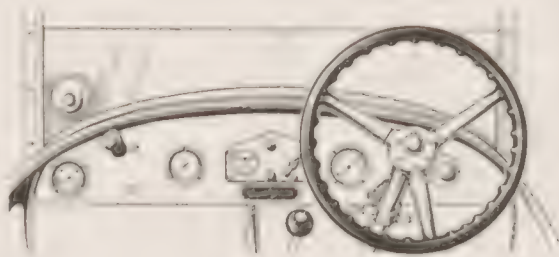
A.B. FROST

*Voice from the Wreck :* " Hi ! Silas,  
did you get his number ? "

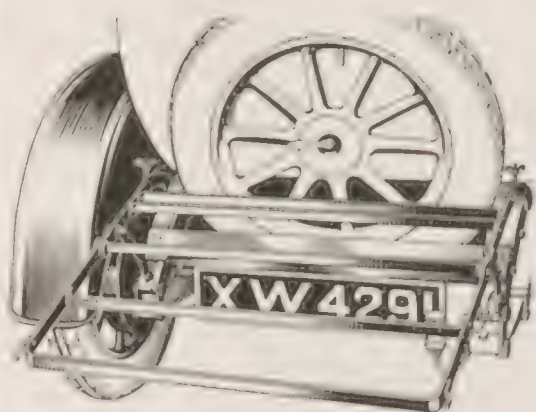


## THE 14 H.P. CROSSLEY DE LUXE—"AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS."

Showing the neat instrument board fitted with clock, speedometer, oil pressure gauge, ammeter,



dashlamp and self-starter knob. Brake and gear-change levers are centrally placed—to hand!

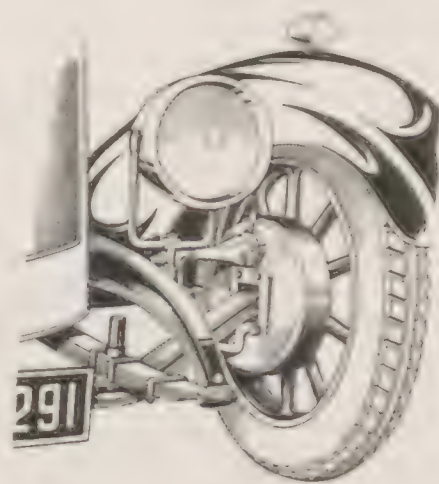


Illustrating the exceptionally sturdy luggage grid—ready for use in the picture—and the simple, yet satisfactory, method of carrying the spare wheel. The petrol tank is in the scuttle.

IN a few words, the 14 h.p. Crossley de Luxe is "as good as it looks," and to our critical mind—even considering all types and makes—this model has an extraordinarily attractive and pleasing appearance. That the 14 h.p. Crossley mechanical features, its performance and the comfortable bodywork are respectively good—nay, excellent—we ourselves have tested and proved. Of full "family proportions," with an agreeably lively engine, and pronounced detail finish throughout, at the price of £395 it represents one of the best values in the medium-powered car market. Moreover, in addition to being of exceptionally moderate price, it possesses two still greater qualities, *i.e.*, it is designed for economy in running, and built for endurance in all conditions.

Rated at 15.6 h.p., the four-cylinder engine, with a bore of 80 mm. and a 120 mm. stroke and detachable cylinder head, develops more than ample power for all normal demands; it is delightfully flexible for traffic work, yet it will easily attain the 50 m.p.h. mark. Fuel consumption—30 miles to the gallon—is a pleasing feature, while lubrication is pump forced to all main bearings, thus ensuring easy and almost silent running at all speeds. Steering, of the worm and wheel type, is light; the clutch is smooth but efficient; and gear changing (there are three speeds, forward and a reverse, with central control for change-speed gear) is simple in operation. Brakes, on the other hand, will do just what is required gently, but surely and quickly! Four-wheel brakes of reliable design may be fitted, if desired, as an extra.

In the all-important item of performance, we found this quality family car economical and fast (the actual figures are quoted above); a good hill-climber; and to provide very comfortable riding, so nicely sprung is the chassis—an ideal car for the motorist of moderate means.



Four wheel brakes of proved efficient design may be fitted as an extra, if desired. With large diameter and width, the drums give powerful braking effect in a surprisingly gentle manner.

There is a fully protecting windscreen for the rear passengers—in two parts. That on the off-side is shown in



the "non-use" travelling position, and the rear side section is in its "erected-for-use" position.



THE 14 H.P. CROSSLEY DE LUXE IN WHITELEAF, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



*Maybe he made the call merely for photographic requirements! Nevertheless, considering the many attractive features of the car, any possible pride of the owner is more than justified.*



"AND FINDS A CHANGING CLIME A HAPPY SOURCE—

## INDIAN PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

*Our contributor is "under the weather," and small wonder. He assures us that the late autumn will find him on his way to India. From November to February motoring and weather conditions are ideal in that sunny land.*

I HAVE put the car to bye-bye in its warm garage-bedroom; tucked up snugly in protective blanket; and left it to well-earned repose.

As I sit before the fire, pipe pulling freely, liquid creature comfort to hand, my thoughts are busy with the day's run.

A typical English February day's motoring, chock full of the usual weather vagaries, ranging from fog and sleet to brilliant, if infrequent, flashes of sunshine. An enjoyable day? Well, y-e-s, but its pleasures rather those of contrast than those of continuity.

That patch of sudden blackness in the traffic tangle at Putney Bridge was pretty awful; but there was ample compensation for past discomfort in the wonderful picture of the distant Richmond Park hills wreathed in golden mist, as we bowled along the roads over Wimbledon Common.

Then as we passed into the park through the Robin Hood gate the beauties were squelched by a regular ring-tail squealer of sleet and hail. And so it had been, throughout the day, alternative patches of horrors and charms.

The memory of the cold bits draw me nearer the fire, and in the glowing embers a long white road shapes itself which is always bathed in glorious sun. A road on which one meets strange fellow-wayfarers. Here a bullock wagon; there a native cart drawn by a camel; now a battery of dusky artillerymen, their guns drawn by elephants; now a squadron of cavalry, the pennants of their lances floating in the wind as they trot past on their gaily caparisoned horses. It is the Grand Trunk Road of Central India, and I am driving a car along it.

That, also, was in the month of February, but a February under the wonderful skies of the East, with the perfect "cold weather" climate which reigns in India during what are our winter months.

On that road there are also traffic blocks, but they are but pleasant interludes which afford an opportunity for closer inspection of the motley caravan, amongst which your chariot is somewhat of an interloper. A drab interloper at that, yet, nevertheless, an object of as much interest to other travellers as their picturesque vehicles are to you.

And the sun shines all the time, not

with the fiery vigour of later months, but with a gentle, benign glow, invigorating as it warms.

There is colour on that road; the colour of waving crops, and luxuriant foliage, green against the purple background of the hills. Even the atmosphere is tinged with prismatic hues. The darting motes of light dance towards you tinged with all the rays of a rainbow.

In due course you come to a city of white minarets, stately buildings, temples, tombs, and gay bazaars. It is Allahabad.

Here you stop and surrender yourself to its charms for a few days before continuing your journey.

Wandering along the native streets and bazaars you soak yourself in the glamour of the East. Yet amidst all that is strange in manners, custom, costume and varied nationalities you will suddenly be brought up sharp by a note which strongly suggests the West.

For instance, in the bazaar you may see the tailor cutting out some flowing native garment, and, lo and behold, when it comes to stitching the pieces together, he scorns needle and thread and uses a prosaic sewing machine!

You are brought very close to the



*Provender for monkeys in Presidency Gardens, Lucknow.*



*The Grand Trunk Road between Cawnpore and Aligarh.*



—OF WISE REFLECTION AND WELL-TIMED DISCOURSE.”

life of the people in an Indian town. They work, and indeed spend their leisure, and perform most of their toilet in the open.

In your walks abroad you can see the jeweller shaping his delicate gewgaws over an open brazier, the coppersmith hammering out his wares, the baker kneading out the flat loaves, the professional scribe squatting on the ground to write a client's letter. Then a few steps farther a family washing, dressing, or shaving. For the latter operation a barber is sometimes requisitioned, and his duties are by no means so light as are those of the European wielder of lather and razor. Here a customer squats, bare to the waist, and requires that all hair be removed not only from chin, but head, back, chest and arms!

One morning will be devoted to visiting the sacred bathing place of Hinduism at the point where the Rivers Ganges and Jumna unite. An unforgettable experience this. You mingle with the devout, if mistaken, throng of people—men, women and children—all moving towards the bathing pools. Barbaric music—tom-toms and pipes—greets the ears, and then, as you move away a little from the centre of the turmoil, you find a little group gathered round a gramophone which is grinding out the favourite fox-trot of the season before last! Again the note of incongruity.

Kather chastened by this event, you rejoin the main throng and are jostled back to the East with an equally sudden jerk. A lane is formed



*Imam Cara, Lucknow.*

by pushing the people back on either side, and down it passes a procession of fakirs. They are naked, save that they have plastered their bodies with patches of mud and clay. The crowds close in as the procession passes on its way, and follow in the rear. You join them, and at last reach the river banks.

All the shallows are thick with

the bathers. They stand waist deep in the water, splashing the sparkling water over their bodies, and when they have attained sanctity return to the banks and change into dry garments.

But the roads leading to other great cities call. The car is set going, and we meet the familiar country sights again.

There is a festival toward, and the villagers are in their best clothes—graceful women in crimson, purple, and orange robes, men in white toga-like garments.

So we come to Benares. A sad city, a city where one is brought very close to death. On the banks of the Ganges there are the Burning Ghats in the open, with the brown bodies being slowly cremated by the crackling fuel. One does not linger long in these unhappy surroundings. The car carries us to Cawnpore. There is tragedy here also: but tragedy over which Time has drawn its kindly cloak to temper memory. Standing beside the Memorial Well, with its carved Angel keeping watch and ward, you think of the butchered British women and children cast into it pell-mell. Poor Sentinels of Empire!

Then you come to Lucknow with its wonderful buildings and arches. The Mermaid Gate, Imam Cara, the Presidency Gardens, and the rest of its beauties and historic associations.

There are other towns, other sights other wonders of which I could tell, but the fire in the grate burns low. You need glowing coals to make Eastern pictures in foggy England. M. H. P.



*The road to Cawnpore, the city of tragic memories.*



*Traffic conditions on the Grand Trunk Road, Central India.*



## POLICE INSPECTION.

*By a Barrister-at-Law.*

*Public opinion is continually being aroused over the apparently inevitable series of tragedies which arise out of motoring accidents. Protests come in from all sources, urging more stringent regulations over motor traffic. More official supervision is wanted; meanwhile zealous police officers supplement the existing regulations with personal supervision on their own account.*

**J**USTIFIED or not, these conditions and complaints exist, and it remains to be seen whether those sections of the motoring world more chiefly concerned will, by a more conscientious adoption of "safety first" rules, make further police supervision unnecessary.

Police supervision is surely an annoyance in itself worth the trouble of avoiding. If policemen are to be empowered to stop any and every private car as and when they please, in order to look at the brakes or axles, the situation may well become intolerable. When, however, police officers take it upon themselves to exercise this annoyance with only a questionable authority to do so, one may be justified in inquiring what the letter of the law says about it, and how far the police have a right of inspection.

As all motorists know, there are certain duties incumbent upon drivers of motor cars. These duties are peculiar to the motoring world. A driver must stop after an accident; if he does not he commits an offence. A driver must stop when a policeman orders him to do so. A driver must switch off his engine, if reasonably possible, while his car is stationary.

All these, with others, are duties specially imposed upon motorists by the various Acts of Parliament dealing with motor cars and highways. No duty of this kind can exist without an Act of Parliament. The powers and duties of the police, and the penal responsibility of motorists, are all an affair of Statute.

But one can search high and low among the Acts of Parliament and among the Orders in Council and Police Regulations without finding any secure basis for authorising a police officer to stop a car and examine its construction.

Every vehicle must comply with the

Use and Construction Orders as to weight, tyres, wheel base, brakes, lamps, and so on. And the authority which issues the registration book is by the Registration and Licensing Regulations, 1921, No. 15, empowered to demand an inspection of the vehicle before issuing the book. A motor owner must notify the authority if the construction of the vehicle is altered, so that the registration book may be altered also. But there appears to be no right of a second inspection by the licensing authorities, much less any inspection by the police on the road.

We are a law-abiding nation and generally anxious to avoid a fuss. Consequently we are easily taken advantage of. The policeman's legal authority to stop a car, and to demand the production of the driver's licence, and in certain cases to arrest the driver or owner, is easily misunderstood by the motoring public, many of whom seem under the impression that policemen have powers beyond this.

It is one of the essential principles of English public law that a policeman is only a private citizen dressed up in uniform. He can do no more than a private citizen can, except when the Regulations or Acts of Parliament give him the right to some special powers. Beyond the powers previously mentioned—i.e., to demand production of the licence, to arrest for furious and reckless driving, and to stop traffic as may reasonably be necessary—a policeman has no more power to interfere with a motorist than has an ordinary citizen.

A policeman can, it is true, arrest any person whom he reasonably suspects of having committed an *indictable* offence. But the power does not extend to every offence—i.e., not to those which are dealt with by a magistrate summarily. None of the offences under the Motor Car Act and the Orders and Regulations as to con-

struction are indictable. Consequently a police officer who suspected that a car was improperly constructed could not arrest the driver or owner on mere suspicion.

It becomes difficult, therefore, to see where those zealous policemen who stop cars and demand to see the brakes get their authority from. Having no authority they stand in the same position as private citizens. If your car was standing at the roadside and a passer-by opened the hood to examine the engine, or got into the car to test the brakes, you would have a legal right to be annoyed. Moreover, you could sue the offensive inquirer for trespass. Accordingly the officious policeman in the same case could be sued for trespass.

One might reasonably say, "If my brakes are in order, why should I make a fuss about showing them?" Perhaps in most cases it is a small matter. But the more the private motorist submits to it, the more will the practice grow until the public habit will give the policeman almost a right to demand the examination of cars.

If the police do not obtain powers of inspection, they may be driven to seek the more cumbrous means of summoning the driver and owner for using an improperly constructed car; the police can then take possession of the car for the purpose of evidence and measure and examine to their hearts' content. The result may be a fine, or acquittal of the parties summoned. The nuisance of submitting to prosecution may easily become a substitute for the annoyance of inspection on the road.

But the real cure lies elsewhere. Either the alarm over motoring accidents is a false one, or the agitation of public opinion is justified. If the former, the misunderstanding should be cleared up at once; if the latter, the cure lies in the altered behaviour of the motorists themselves.



# ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

An Owner's Opinion after twelve years' experience of Rolls-Royce Service and Rolls-Royce Methods:

"I very much appreciate the treatment I always receive from your firm and always have done. I can only say my car is running perfectly in every way, and I am entirely satisfied with it and also with all my dealings with the Rolls-Royce firm."

Reference No. 777. The original letter may be seen on application.

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Nothing is so disconcerting as a broken lamp when you are far from home or garage. Good as modern lamps are, filaments are bound to break at some time or another, and it is then that the careful motorist, with his case of OSRAM spare automobile lamps, is rewarded for his forethought.

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**D**ecidedly *NO*—it is manifestly absurd to expect one or two grades to meet the varying requirements of the many engines now in use.

An oil recommended in wholesale fashion for any and every engine can at best be but a compromise.

Wakefield CASTROL is made in a number of grades to suit the individual requirements of every car on the market.

The Wakefield recommendation Chart can be seen at any garage, or we shall be pleased to send you "Intelligent Lubrication for Motor-Car Owners," post free from Advertising Department. This booklet, in addition to other interesting information, will tell you the particular grade of Wakefield CASTROL that is specially suited to your engine's need.



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## IN THE DARK JUST BEYOND THE BEND!

The "A.L." ANTI-DAZZLE FOCUS HEADLIGHT ATTACHMENT makes cornering in the dark *SAFE*. With the normal long beam you cannot tell what is just beyond the bend on the near side—UNTIL YOU GET THERE.

The easy manipulation of a plunger on the dashboard alters the focus of your Headlights at will, and enables you instantly to vary them from the normal long beam to a wide beam that will illuminate both sides of the road.

In Fog and Mist you get the benefit of the superior penetrative powers of a diffused light plus the advantage of a light that illuminates both sides of the road. Dipping and Dimming alike are unsatisfactory methods of combating the nuisance of "Glare."

The A-L Attachment alone offers the perfect solution of the Anti dazzle difficulty.

Can be fitted to almost any make of lamp.

Write for free booklet "Safety First."

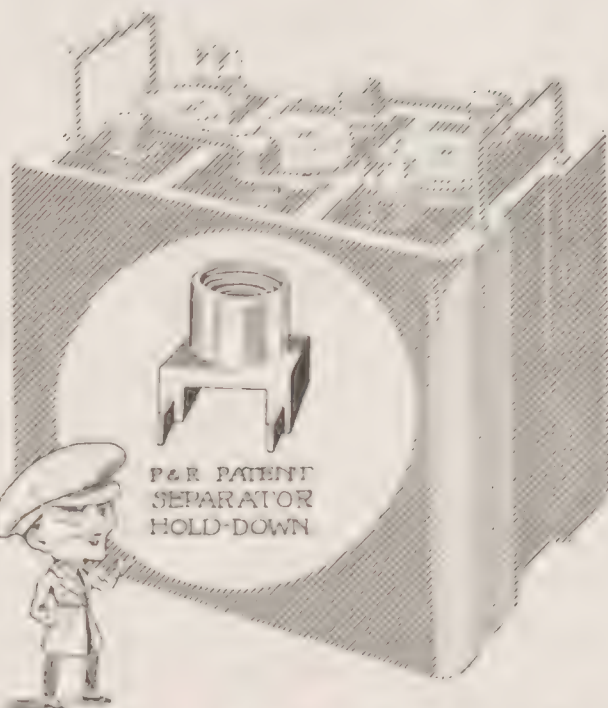
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## The patent Separator Hold-down on PETO & RADFORD BATTERIES!



Bitter experience has taught users of inefficient Batteries that any movement of Separators caused through jolting, etc., very quickly destroys the insulation between the plates.

Any such movement is rendered utterly impossible by means of the Peto & Radford Patent Separator Hold-down, which securely locks the elements into correct position.

The main structure of the device, which is contained inside the cell, consists of a very simple porcelain bridge into which is slotted ebonite strips which bear on the tops of the Separators, whilst the flat surface on the top of the bridge bears against the under side of the lid.

**Question your dealer on this most important feature—he will verify our claim that money cannot buy a better Battery.**

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## MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

*Motoring on the Continent has become a favourite pastime with the woman owner-driver of to-day, since the triptyque system has so simplified the once formidable task of shipping a car across from England that even the most unbusinesslike Eve can scarcely find it difficult.*

THE charm of Riviera motoring has already been delightfully described by the able pen of Sir Frederick Treves, in his book of the Corniche Road, so that with the subject so happily introduced, and well equipped with guide-books and maps, the most serious preparations of the fair tourist become those of a suitable wardrobe.

For the Riviera white is always fashionable; but, since it is by no means universally becoming, attention should be devoted to the bright coloured crêpe de chine hats with stitched brims, with which a similarly stitched scarf is worn. Taffetas is also being used for smallish high-crowned hats with soft rolled brims, and in straw, picot and crinoline have made their appearance. Although gay colours are still popular, there is a definite return to favour of black for cloaks and wraps.

A model travelling coat was of black with a vermilion lining.

While the slim line is too beloved to be easily relinquished, the dress designers are leading us by subtle paths to the appreciation of a softer and less severe appearance in our frocks, though we are permitted the almost masculine austerity of close-fitting tailor-mades.

The straight evening gown of lamé is still correct, and gold is more becoming than silver—and more popular in consequence—but lace, georgette, silk muslin and flower-patterned silks are made into the short dance frocks, which are designed to billow and cling, amply full for dancing, though still slim at the hips and with the fulness arranged by means of godets and panels, the idea being to suggest narrowness until the wearer moves. Fringes and tassels are still fashionable, but feather trimming is *demodé*, and silk embroidery is newer than bead. Happily, the vogue for the plain back to skirts is a thing of the past. It was neither very pretty for most women nor very practical from a hard-wearing point of view, since a plain fabric tended

quickly to become shiny and also stretched out of shape.

There are some wonderful materials being shown for the coming season, many of them in pastel shades, but patterned silks are promised a good reception.

The light-coloured stocking is worn almost more than ever, and from the original nude shade we now have sunburn, mandarin—which has an orange touch about it—and rose. The rose might equally be called “ashes of rose,” as there is a faint grey-blue tinge about it when actually worn, though it is scarcely distinguishable in the hand.

Paroquet colouring is still favoured for undies, but some of the latest nighties from Paris are quaint little garments of finest white linen lawn. Arranged with a Byronic collar and tiny tucks down the front, they are completed with amusing little coloured buttons and have a truly *garçon* air. They are made a little shorter than an ordinary nighty.

Pyjamas have lost all semblance of masculinity, on the other hand, and are assuming either an exaggerated peg-top effect about the trousers or else a Turkish fulness. The vogue for fur has extended to dressing gowns, and many of those designed for practical purposes boast fur collars and fur on the sleeves, in alliance with double crêpe de chine or corduroy velveteen. The only drawback is in the case of travelling, whence every inch of space saved becomes important. A broche crêpe de chine negligé had the long crossover front held at the left hip, while a deep flounce, closely gauged at the top, fell in a continuation of the spiral effect.

Although in the Riviera it is pleasant to leave behind one all thoughts of an English winter, those who stay at home have often the severest weather to face between February and March. The wearers of tweed costumes and big coats can take comfort from the fact that in Paris high boots may be worn with this semi-sporting attire,

and for a long trip in the car as a passenger they are very cosy. The occupants of the front seats usually find a certain amount of warmth from the engine, and feel the cold chiefly in their fingers.

### For Those Who Stay at Home.

In staying virtuously at home the châtelaine has the advantage of being able to make arrangements at leisure for a spring cleaning campaign, and though the business is one that no one looks forward to, it is good to get it over before the Easter holidays come along. Although in this age of motoring, flying and broadcasting, the daily round of “washing up” is still done in most homes by means of what a well-known engineer recently described as “hot water and a rag,” a new move in the right direction to improve things has been started by the Women’s Electrical Association. This is for the woman householder and the woman citizen rather than the technical woman, to further the development of electricity for domestic and social service—incidentally, if possible, at a lower cost!

A useful branch of the Association’s activities is in the arrangement of simple lectures on electrical apparatus for all classes of women, so that the mistress of the future will not only herself realise what a vacuum cleaner can do in the way of spring cleaning, but her maid will not call them “nasty things” and refuse point blank to have anything to do with them. Moreover, the Association will help to educate the engineer and architect as to the labour-saving requirements of the woman in the home, details which the masculine mind in the past has often tended to overlook. That these good gentlemen are, nevertheless, at least willing “to learn” is evinced by the fact that the engineering institutions and electrical organisations are all standing by the Association, so that spring cleaning—to say nothing of the “daily round”—in the future promises to be a mere recreation.



## THE FARE OF MOTORING FASHION.

HERE we illustrate a magnificent beige kasha coat—just the thing for the car—trimmed with leopard. On the right is an attractive coat of black and green fancy tweeds. Both are creations by Reville.   ♦   ♦   ♦





## MOTORING FASHION FOR THE FAIR.

THIS exquisite nutria motoring coat, with scarf of shaded marocain, can be worn in a variety of fashions (as illustrated) and is another of the latest creations of Reville's, of Hanover Square, London, W.      ♡      ♡      ♡





## THE NEW STUDEBAKER — REMARKABLE FOUR WHEEL BRAKES.

THE Studebaker car—considering it is backed by over twenty-seven years of automobile experience, and that over 800,000 models have been produced and sold—*should* be something a little above the average. It should, we repeat—and it is! In spite of the fact that Studebaker cars are produced on a large scale, Efficiency and Quality are never sacrificed, the makers always maintaining their leadership in these essentials and ever endeavouring to provide new and improved features generally. Their latest advance—and it is a good step in front of most makes of cars—is an entirely new and remarkably efficient design of hydraulic four-wheel brakes, the outcome of exhaustive research and diligent experiments over a long period.

During a recent trial run we found that their operation is simplicity itself, and even on the most treacherous roads they operate with the same efficiency as on a dry surface. By proper distribution of the retarding power over the four wheels they eliminate skidding through braking. Exerting abundant power under all conditions, it was impossible to lock the front wheels, while the front brakes never require adjustment.

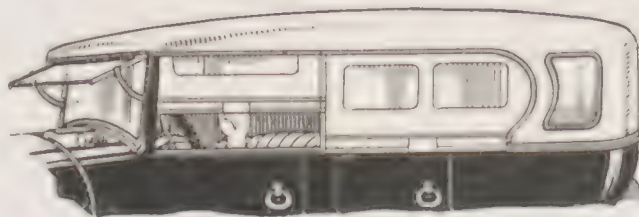
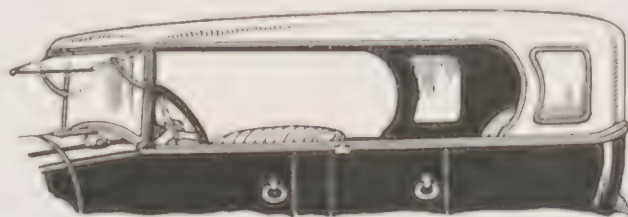
The Studebaker four-wheel hydraulic brake system comprises the following parts and features:—

The transmission case assembly contains, besides the transmission gears, the piston chamber and pistons, gear pump, control valve, and relief valve of the braking system. Transmission case is kept three-fourths filled with transmission oil which serves a double purpose of lubrication and hydraulic fluid for the brake system.

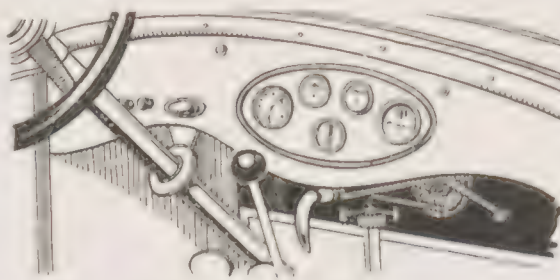
The foot-brake pedal has a total travel of six inches. Only the first three inches of travel operate the hydraulic brakes. Three inches of depression lock the rear



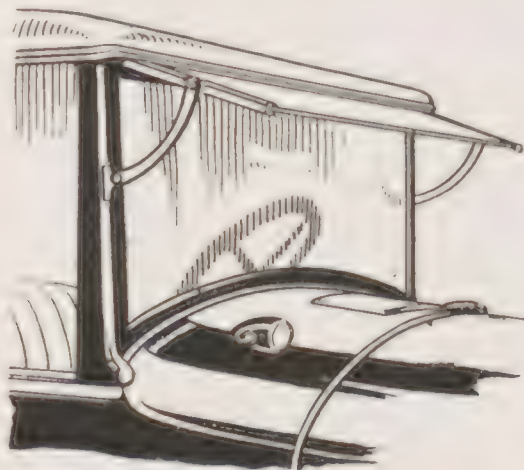
*The New Studebaker, with disc wheels. English models, of course, have right hand steering.*



*Of exclusive design, the all-weather curtains can in a few seconds transform an open touring car into a snug "saloon." The side curtains are on rollers, and merely need raising or lowering as required.*



*The dashboard carries clock, speedometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge and petrol gauge—grouped under glass on a silver faced oval. Note the handle immediately beneath—this operates the emergency hand brake.*



*There is a one-piece adjustable windscreen, automatic windscreen cleaner, an anti-dazzle rain shield and cowling ventilator.*

wheels, and simultaneously the pump stops and the brakes release sufficiently to permit the rear wheels to again revolve. Thus the rear wheels remain locked momentarily only. Depression of brake

pedal beyond three inches to the full six-inch distance applies the rear-wheel brakes, which are of the contracting band type. Such depression will lock the rear wheels, and they will remain locked until the foot is removed from the brake pedal. When backing the car in reverse gear, the mechanical brakes are used at full pressure.

The hand brake is a drum with contracting bands mounted on the propeller shaft immediately behind the gear box and operated by a pull handle located under the instrument board. Apart from braking the car on very severe grades or when stationary, this brake will seldom, if ever, be used. A system of solid brake rods and levers, including an ingenious form of floating qualizer, connects the pistons with internal expanding brake shoes in the front-wheel drums and internal contracting bands on the rear drums. Leverages are so proportioned that the braking power is greater on the rear drums than on the front. The front wheels cannot lock.

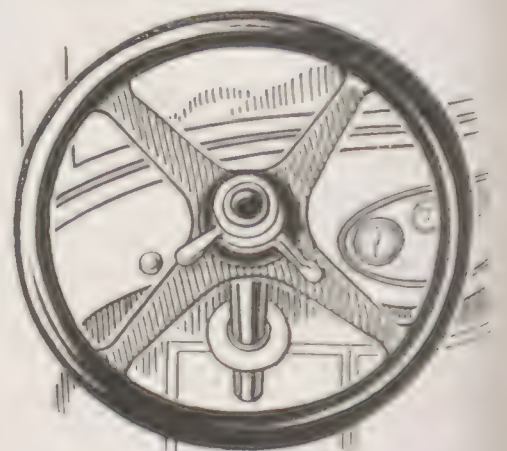
As the brake pump is driven by the propeller shaft, it runs backward when the car is in reverse speed, and it then generates no pressure, but the brake rods are so arranged that rear-wheel brakes are operated by foot pressure independent of the hydraulic system in backing the car. We found three pronounced features, namely:—

(1) Exceptionally rapid pull-up (without skidding on greasy roads) in case of emergency;

(2) Exceedingly smooth and gentle braking action under normal conditions; and

(3) Only very slight foot pressure necessary to operate brake pedal lever.

The Studebaker four-wheel brake system is, in our opinion, one of the best in use to-day. Other interesting features of the new Studebaker are illustrated.



*The electric horn button, lighting switch, and ignition and throttle levers are neatly mounted in the centre of the steering wheel.*



"HERE TO-DAY, GONE TO-MORROW."

# BETTINA BOOTS THE 'BUS.

By Martin H. Potter.

*The owner of the car in this moving narrative evidently agrees with Samuel Johnson, who said:—"A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."*

THE moment has come when Bettina absolutely insists that we must have a new car.

A good woman, Bettina, but if she has a fault—a premise which she by no means admits—it is that her bump of reverence for ancient things is curiously lacking.

I've known her simply bubble over with affection for an ugly kitten, but remorselessly "shoo" a really handsome cat from the door.

With this cult for ultra-modernism tainting her otherwise perfect character, it is not to be wondered at that Bettina should desire a change of cars.

We have certainly had our present one for some time. Bettina says it is "a Year Dot model," and that "Methuselah was its maker"; but I am not prepared to go all the way with her, either as to its longevity or its maker.

I bought it for Bettina as "a coming of age" birthday present. Professional honour does not permit me to give any clearer indication of its age. The practice of Husbandry—using the word in its matrimonial sense—occasionally demands the convenient memory of a doctor or lawyer.

At the same time, I feel most strongly that Bettina should extend to the years of our car the same latitude

which she allows to her own. She has been growing steadily younger since she was twenty-five—ergo, the car must still be a mere four-year-old model—in fact, just an automobile Peter Pan.

I am free to confess that the outward dress of our young-old friend has changed its colour several times; but so has that of Bettina. Indeed, any chromatic variation the car has undergone is solely attributable to its part lady-owner's love of change. Personally, I should have been quite content to retain its original crimson-lake hue, but Bettina thought otherwise; and when Woman (a capital "W" please, Mr. Printer)—when Woman insists, wise men subside. So it is that our mutual chariot has, at various times, taken on pretty nearly all the colours of the rainbow.

Fortunately, my spouse has always been chary of inspecting the car's "innards." She thinks they are "messy"—a necessary evil to be endured with patience, but really a blot upon a more or less perfect exterior. Her interest in a car ceases at its skin, so to speak.

I have never ceased to congratulate myself upon Bettina's disinclination to probe. It means that the engine remains much about the same as

when it left the manufacturer's workshop.

For instance, I shudder to think of what effect a 20 h.p. engine would have had upon a body designed for a 6 h.p.

The sex to which I have the dishonour to belong is usually considered to be wanting in sentiment. I must be an "outsized" in men; for, frankly, I've got a strong affection for that old car. It needs a bit of coaxing on hills nowadays; and you can't get what I have seen described as "a fine burst of speed" out of it on the flat. Yet it is full of happy associations.

Its first official duty was to carry us on our honeymoon. Some officious idiot had bedecked it with white ribbon and old shoes. But "Love's Young Dream" rose superior to such minor annoyances. We tore 'em off as soon as we cleared the town, and pursued our way to Elysium.

Since then it has become mixed up with all the incidents of our life, sad or happy. Now I must take it for its last run. Bettina has spoken.

But I am determined that no other hand shall touch its wheel. I shall conduct it to some spot where derelict cars may be broken up into their original elements. No second-hand money shall stain my palm. It is a pal. It shall have a pal's funeral.



*Some officious idiot had bedecked it with white ribbon and old shoes. But "Love's Young Dream" rose superior to such minor annoyances.*



# FROM THE GULF OF LYONS TO THE BAY OF BISCAY.

By Clive Holland.

Part II—St. Gaudens to Narbonne, and back to Biarritz via Toulouse.

OUR road from St. Gaudens onward still follows the course of the Garonne, and as it reaches St. Martory (11½ m.; 148½ m.), running close beside it with a great wall formed of orange-coloured rock on one's left, is a level one, and takes us into the curious little town with its two magnificent eighteenth century gateways. The château on the right bank of the river is an interesting Renaissance building. When one has crossed the hills to the south of St. Martory the road drops down to the village of Mane on the Salat, and all the way to St. Girons one follows the river, but must not cross it, although apparently one should. St. Lizier (28½ m.; 177½ m.), a tiny place piled up on a steep rock with very steeply ascending and picturesque streets, has no hotel at which one can comfortably stay. There is a mediæval bridge, with a piece of Roman marble with an inscription to the Goddess Belisama let into one of the piers. One then ascends a precipitous street, and turns to the right towards the interesting twelfth century Romanesque church with very beautiful cloisters opening on a garden. There are a small fifteenth century cathedral and a twelfth century chapter house and Roman remains worth examining.

St. Girons is an uninteresting place, and the hotels are not good. The road to Le Mas-d'Azil goes along the route de Foix as far as the fork at Lescure, where one turns to the left. After passing through Lescure our road—a good one—climbs upwards, and then falls down into a rocky valley with great grey masses standing boldly out, and several Calvaries crowning their summits. Fields in this district are on hill-sides situated at almost every angle, and ploughed by picturesque teams of oxen. A short distance beyond Clermont, the road curves, and one is suddenly faced with a high cliff of limestone round the corner of which is a huge cavern into the mouth of which the waters of the Arize vanish.

A small hole has been bored in the face of the cliff, through which the road runs. One plunges into this to find that it is so dark as to necessitate the way being lighted with oil lamps. It is rather a thrilling moment; but soon there is a glimmer of light round a bend, and the car runs out into sunshine again. The little town of Le Mas-d'Azil (15 m.; 192½ m.), possesses an excellent little hotel set on the market-place. The church might be interesting; but it is very shabby, dirty and cobwebby inside. The road now goes through Saborat and Menay to Pailhès on the Lèze, which has a picturesque château dating from the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries on a wooded knoll above the village. Pamiers (17½ m.; 210½ m.) is reached through very picturesque and hilly country with beautiful views of the Pyrenees, and fertile fields and thick woods. The town, as one rounds the last bend in the road, lies down below one on the margin of a plain watered by the broad Ariège. The cathedral dates mainly from 1658, with a surviving brick tower of the fourteenth century. The old houses of the town are chiefly near the iron works, and have unfortunately been allowed to fall into great decay.

Our road to Carcassonne runs south-westwards from the south side of the Pamiers. One turns to the left at a fork, crosses the railway, and, after running in a straight line over the plain to the valley of the river Hers reaches Mirepoix (13½ m.; 224 m.). This is a particularly picturesque and attractive little town, the beauties of which one is a little apt to overlook, unless one enters the central square, which is surrounded on every side with arcaded houses resting on heavy wooden pillars, and supported on curious carved corbels. There are wonderful pictures for the cameraist in this fine old square, at one end of which is a mediæval gateway, and at the other the church of St. Maurice.

Onward to Carcassonne there are

beautiful views, but only one or two places needing notice. The little town of Fangeaux, outside and just beyond which is a dangerous hill, on the left side of the road has a church dating from the thirteenth century, said to have been built on the site of a Temple of Jupiter. The next place, Montreal (18½ m.; 242½ m.), standing on an isolated hill, has a magnificent and extensive view of the Pyrenees from the churchyard of its fourteenth century church.

Carcassonne (11½ m.; 253½ m.) was once a dual town. The original city, on the raised site to the east of the river, is far more ancient than the larger town, although that dates from the thirteenth century. The new town was called the Ville Basse, the feudal town remaining known as the Cité, the lower portion of the walls of which belongs to the Roman occupation of the fourth century. The Cité is one of the most wonderful mediæval survivals, and has a continuous double line of walls encircling it from 50 to 60 feet in height, and made picturesque by 48 towers of various shapes and sizes.

Other things to see are the Porte Narbonnaise, built on the east side of the Cité by Phillipe le Hardi; and the church of St. Nazaire, a beautiful and charming building, the choir and transepts of which are regarded as the most perfect example of thirteenth century work in the South of France. There are some exceedingly ancient and interesting effigies and tombs of early bishops in the church, and the stained glass is much of it very beautiful, and dates from the thirteenth century onwards.

One leaves Carcassonne by the Pont Neuf towards the east. In most seasons of the year, if the weather is fine, the road is rather dusty. One should not miss a backward glance at the ancient city, which is almost unique as a mediæval survival. Southward of the road for many miles one has a ridge of bare hills, and northward, in the far distance, one catches



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## UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PYRENEES.

## BISCAY.



only one or two  
The little town  
and just beyond  
hill, on the left  
a church dating  
century, said to  
site of a Temple  
place, Montreal  
standing on an  
magnificent and  
Pyrenees from  
its fourteenth

*Few motor tours in the South West of France are more interesting and picturesque than that from Narbonne, on the Gulf of Lyons, to Biarritz (via Toulouse), on the Bay of Biscay. Carcassonne (top left) is unique among survivals of walled, mediæval cities in France. Around it is picturesque scenery, and an atmosphere of romance hangs about its walls. Roads on one's way north-westward take at times through rock-torn valleys (top right) with mountain peaks as a distant background. Toulouse is a pleasant city, with many buildings of interest, made additionally picturesque by its position on the Garonne. There is an interesting thirteenth fourteenth century cathedral*



*(centre) ; a fine sixteenth century bridge spanning the river ; and ancient houses in the older portion of the city. There is brightness and bustle about Toulouse, and it has considerable industrial activities, including silk, wool, and tobacco. Some of the gorges amid the hills and mountains of this district are tree-clad, and very picturesque (bottom left) with rushing torrents and villages perched above the latter on the hillsides. Biarritz (bottom right) is not only a fashionable resort, but a town with quays and a small harbour in which the fishing boats shelter from the Atlantic gales which sweep across the Bay. Fine hotels and villas and picturesque buildings crown the slopes above the harbour.*



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PICTURESQUE HOUSES AND OLD INSTITUTIONS.

glimpses of the Cevennes. Barbaira has a ruined castle, and some of the tinier villages are almost Italian in character, and just after Barbaira, one gets one's first patches of the grey green foliage of the olives.

One passes through Moux, and a stretch of low hills, Lezignan (21½ m. 275½ m.) and its fourteenth century church, along more stretches of hilly road, and then reaches Narbonne (13½ m.; 289 m.).

The continual silting of the river Aude has turned the ancient town, which was once a busy port on the Mediterranean, into an inland town (like Romney and Rye in our country) nowadays only connected with the sea by a canal. The cathedral of St. Juste, begun in 1272, is but a fragment of the original design, which, had it been carried out, would have given Narbonne one of the largest cathedrals in France. To-day, there is but the choir and two towers of the fifteenth century, something like those of Chartres. There are fourteenth century windows in the apse, and over the door of the sacristy are magnificent tapestries of the early Renaissance. The Archbishop's palace is a huge fortified building attached to the cathedral by a mutilated cloister. A portion of the palace building has been adapted to the purposes of the Hôtel de Ville.

The town is picturesque, and rendered more so by the canal, by the sides of which one often sees charming groups of washerwomen busily employed. Narbonne stands at the southern end of a vast plain which is covered with vineyards, and produces great quantities of wine.

One leaves pleasant and quaint Narbonne with its picturesque houses, southern air and sunshine with regret, and takes the road back to Carcassonne (35 m.) ere one starts on one's way north-westward to Toulouse. One leaves Carcassonne by the north side of the city, and then turning sharply to the left the road runs for a few kilometres to Alzonne (3¾ m.; 38¾ m.), a picturesque little town on the Canal du Midi. Our road follows this waterway through Villarzans and Villepinte to Castelnau (12¼ m.; 51 m.) through picturesque scenery. The chief thing to see is the fourteenth and fifteenth century church. There is now a steep ascent, and then a good, picturesque and undulating road to Toulouse, passing through Villefranche-de-Lauraguais (13½ m.; 64½ m.), with a fine church, to Montgiscard, Cas-

tanet (15 m.; 69½ m.) and Toulouse (5 m.; 74 m.) over *pavé* from the outskirts.

The city stands on the Garonne in the midst of a wide plain, and it is the capital of the Department of Haute-Garonne. It is both a manufacturing and market town, built on both sides of the river with fine bridges, and some handsome and historic buildings. The older and more interesting portion of the city is on the right bank. The cathedral is a mixture of the architecture of several periods, and loses, as a consequence, in beauty and co-ordination of design. It has a choir with no less than 17 chapels, some fine stained glass, interesting architectural details, and an imposing tower. The Church of St. Sernin should not be overlooked, as it is the largest and certainly one of the finest Romanesque basilicas in existence. It has a fine octagonal tower, with a short spire, that makes it a landmark. Also notable are the beautiful church of the Jacobins; the Museum of Fine Arts, located in a fourteenth century convent; the Château Narbonais, now the Law Courts; the Hôtel Dieu; the Capitole, or City Hall; and the fine sixteenth century bridge over the Garonne. Toulouse is a striking city, worth exploration.

Our road now runs north-westward through pleasant country and often within sight of the Save and its tributaries, passing through Lespinasse (8 m.; 82 m.); Grisolles (10 m.; 92 m.); Finhan (7½ m.; 99½ m.); Castelsarrasin (13 m.; 112½ m.), with its interesting twelfth-fifteenth century Church of St. Sauveur, to Moissac along a good and undulating road, some *pavé*.

Moissac (5 m.; 117½ m.) is situated on the Tarn; it is a centre of the wine trade, has some good hotels, and a remarkable twelfth century door with Gothic sculptures to the interesting Church of St. Pierre. There are ruins of a fine abbey dating from the seventh century with eleventh century cloisters.

Our road still runs north-westward, passing Valence-d'Agén (9½ m.; 127 m.); to Agén (15 m.; 142 m.), a good stopping-place on the Garonne, a bishop's see, with a twelfth century cathedral, many ancient and picturesque houses and old institutions, and a fame for preserved fruits, prunes, and other table delicacies. An hour or two can be pleasantly spent in wandering through the old-time

streets and seeking picturesque vistas of the river.

The road is an ascending one out of Agén, and then runs pleasantly through pretty scenery to Porte Ste. Marie (13 m.; 155 m.), and thence to Aiguillon with its ruined seventeenth century château, Fauguerolles, and Longueville to Marmande (23 m.; 178 m.), a small town with an interesting church, thirteenth-fifteenth century, with a fine rose window.

Our route to Dax and Biarritz now runs southward for a considerable distance, after which it gradually bends outwards and westwards towards the coast. Casteljaloux (13½ m.; 191½ m.) stands on the edge of the forest, and the little town gives the traveller the impression of a great timber yard. There are some old sixteenth century houses worth noting, as are some of the old hotels, which were a century or so ago noted as coaching inns. One is famous, the Château de Jeanne Albret, of which unhappily only a wing remains. The road through the town bears to the right. As one gets clear of the place one has a great vista of a yellow road stretching away in front of one to a point where it is swallowed up in blue-green pine forests. Next comes a forest hamlet, Pompogne. And then Houeilles (10 m.; 201½ m.), with a sixteenth century church having a fortified tower with a great staircase turret. The road now lies through the forest, and one comes across many clearings and picturesque groups of woodcutters engaged in felling trees and stacking logs. White crosses painted on farmyard gates and doors show that in this region superstitions still have sway. St. Justin (21 m.; 222½ m.) is an ancient and very picturesque little town whose interesting thirteenth century church stands near the Monastery of the Templars. One here first notices the change in the character of the houses to those of the Basque type.

Along the road through the forest to Mont-de-Marsan (15½ m.; 238 m.) not a particularly interesting town, but with a quaint jumble of houses built above the river, and a portion of the fourteenth century tower built by Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix.

To Dax is a pleasant run, and this tiny town, slightly off the road, was known to the Romans as a bathing station, and still possesses hot springs. And so to Bayonne, and then, with Atlantic breezes again on one's face, back to Biarritz (66 m.; 304 m.).

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# DEVONSHIRE—THE DELIGHTFUL MOORS.

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*Bowerman's Nose, a famous Dartmoor landmark.*

DEVONSHIRE, the beautiful; the pride of England—what happy pictures can be conjured in one's mind. Pleasant tours; trips off the beaten track—and there are myriads of these—extended halts to drink in the beauties of the countryside; good hotels, and plenty of garages. The motorist in Devonshire need never be lacking "something to see," or "somewhere to go." It is just a huge happy hunting ground in which the motorist claims the finest of the game. The modern car jibs almost at nothing—it will get you there and *bring you back*. Test it to the spots illustrated



*A moorland stream near Swell Tor.*



*The ancient Cyclopean Bridge, Post Bridge, Dartmoor.*



*Fingle Bridge, Drewsteignton—a typical Devonshire scene.*



*The Royal Oak Inn, at Warsford, in the Exe Valley.*



## ROUTE 1.

THE three delightful tours which are dealt with in the following pages have as their starting point Birmingham, which a native once described as "a good place to be born in, but an equally good one to get away from." Without in any way endorsing this opinion, we agree that, it is true in one particular, inasmuch as that once clear of the city's far-flung boundaries some of the most lovely and romantic spots in our country are at the service of the ardent searcher of the beautiful.

Our first route has for its main object Shakespeare's Birthplace, but, true to our rule, we shall approach it by a circuitous rather than a straight course. Leaving Birmingham by the Stratford road we run to Henley-in-Arden, a little country town deeply embedded in the fresh greenery of a wooded valley. Bowling down the wide street of quaintly windowed houses, past the fine old church with pinnacled towers, and the odd market cross—one of the very few that still exist in England—varied memories of other days come uppermost. The town is said to be the Alauna of Roman times, and there are still traces of a camp remaining. Taking a long jump through the centuries, we remember that Charles II., after the disastrous defeat of his Scotch army at Worcester, passed through the village on horseback, *en route* for the coast, from whence he finally escaped to France. He was disguised as a servant of the devoted Royalist lady Jane Lane, who was mounted on a pillion behind him.

The road to Warwick bends to the left a few miles after leaving Henley-in-Arden, and a run of nine miles brings us to the stately old town. Word-painting is all inadequate to describe its beauties. The Castle, its many towers rising from the picturesque River Avon, is one of the best preserved buildings of its kind in the country. At once a stately residence and a bygone fortress with

THREE  
RUNS TO MIDLAND  
BEAUTY SPOTS.

*The Midlands contain much treasure trove for lovers of the beautiful, the antiquarian and the historian. Its charms are very accessible to the motorist, for the roads are good, often little frequented, and never unpleasantly crowded.*

*Our routes take us to places of such interest and picturesque as Warwick, Edgehill, Stratford-on-Avon, Tewkesbury, Broadway, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; Worcester; Evesham; and Eckington. The scenery through which we pass is wholly delightful, and wonderfully diversified, containing beautiful views, many quaint villages and archaeological remains.*

roots stretching down to the days of Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, who built the first castle in 915. A still more antique relic is preserved in the centre of the castle in the earth-work, which probably dates back to a race which preceded the Britons. Amongst many other architectural

wonders of the town which must not be missed are the Gothic archway, with a chapel over it, known as the East Gate, St. Mary's Church, and the Leicester Hospital. The latter was founded by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who, in an age of oblique morals, easily excelled his contemporaries in wickedness. So far as we know, the single good deed of his life was the founding and building of this fine cluster of half-timbered almshouses. We might spend an entire day in Warwick, but we must push forward.

Our way lies by Wellesbourne Hastings and Kineton. We are running by, and over, ground on which was fought the far-flung battle of Edgehill, the first real battle of the Civil War of Stuart days. The spot which is shown as the actual battlefield is about two miles out of Kineton on the Banbury Road; but from the number of troops engaged, both on the Royalist and Parliamentary sides, the fight must have been spread over a wide stretch of country away to the top of Edge Hill. It is three miles from Kineton to the foot of Edge Hill. The road climbs Edge Hill steeply to a height of 700 feet until it reaches the tower, set up in 1750 to commemorate the spot where the standard of King Charles is reputed to have been placed previous to the battle.

The fates are propitious and give us a clear day, so we see ten counties stretched out below in all their glories of colours, and in the far distance, the Hills of Wrekin, the Clees, the Malverns, and the Cotswolds close up the vista in all directions with a band of deep purple. As last we reluctantly tear ourselves away from the wonderful vision, and pass along the winding road to Banbury, taking the real journey in our manhood by petrol which in the days of our childhood was ridden in imagination to the merry jingle of "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross." Arriving there, we view the cross, which, if not the original of the rhyme, is at least a colourable



*The pretty village of Bourton-on-the-Hill. As its name indicates, it is built on a rising road, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country noted for its extreme beauty.*

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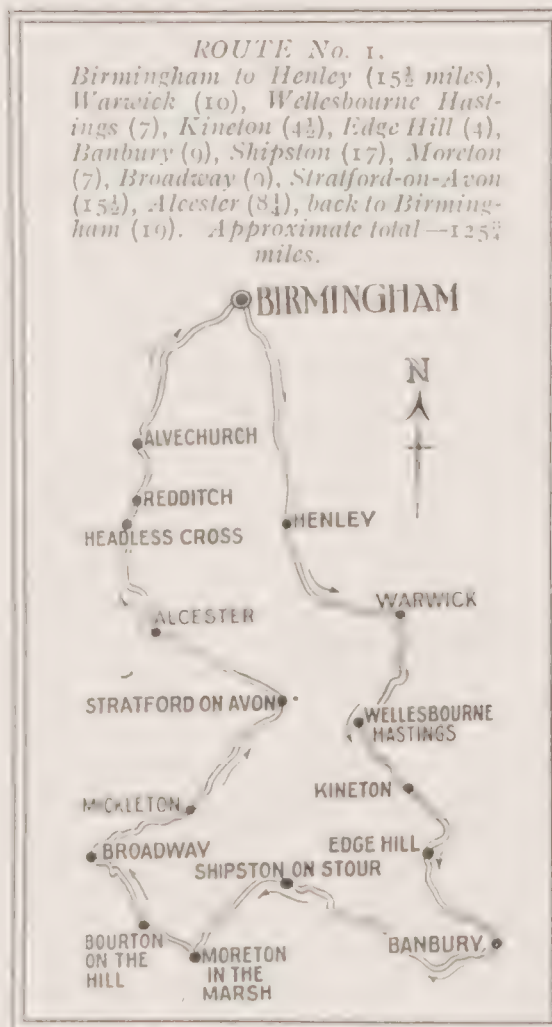
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imitation of it. We also partake of the famous cakes, which are said to be made from the recipe which was concocted in Tudor days. Above all we must visit the Globe Inn, whose gates are dated 1750. Alas! We should have to cross the Atlantic to see the wonderful ceiling and panelling of the famous Globe Room, for it was acquired by an American and removed to the United States, some time back. Resuming our journey we reach Moreton-in-the-Marsh by a road of many convolutions, taking the little market town of Shipton-on-Stour in our stride.

At Moreton they show us the chair, cushion, and footstool that Charles I. used during that memorable trial in Westminster Hall which sent the Royal Martyr to the block. These relics are vouched for by unimpeachable authorities.

Passing along a straight but hilly piece of road, we pass through the pretty village of Bourton-on-the-Hill, and reach the crest of Broadway Hill, on which stands the Fish Inn. At this point the man at the wheel will have to confine his attention to driving pure and simple, for the descent into the village of Broadway is not only steep, but winding, and requires careful negotiation. Broadway itself is a most picturesque village of stately old gabled stone houses and many mullion windows. Leaving Broadway we take the road to the right which runs to Mickleton with many devious windings. It is a pleasant way, passing through charming scenery and giving glimpses of distant wooded hills. A ten mile run from Mickleton brings us to the Mecca of all good Shakespeareans—Stratford-on-Avon.

The town itself is very beautiful, quite apart from the interest which attaches to it from its intimate connection with the poet. We must give all the time that is possible to exploring it, but first place to the birth-house in Henley Street, where we see the very room in which Shakespeare was born,



the apartments where his early youth, and part of his successful manhood, were spent; and the adjoining workshops where the poet's father carried



Picturesque cottages in the old-world village of Broadway, which stands at the foot of the hill of the same name. The village also boasts many stately, gabled, stone houses with mullion windows.

on his trade. We peep at the garden whose object is to perpetuate as far as possible every tree and flower mentioned in the poet's works. *A propos* the subject of plants, a curious corroboration of the fact that in whatever locality Shakespeare placed his plays, little touches can always be found which show that he never forgot he was a Warwickshire man. The particular instance referred to is in the epilogue of *As You Like It*, where it will be remembered the phrase "Good wine needs no bush" occurs. The derivation is found in the custom which once existed of exhibiting a bush, as a sign, on the temporary wine-booths at fairings held in the county.

To return to our tour: On no account must we miss the picturesque old houses around the Rother Market; nor the Harvard House in the High Street which was built in 1596. At the corner stands the home of Judith, the youngest daughter of Shakespeare, occupied by her during thirty-six years of her married life.

In Chapel Street we see the Five Gables, a fine example of half-timbered domestic architecture; and the Falcon Tavern, where tradition avers Shakespeare spent many merry evenings.

Amongst the numerous other places we visit are the Memorial Theatre, Trinity Church, in which lie the remains of the poet and his family; and above all, we take the mile walk across the fragrant fields to Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, where we see the four-poster bed of the poet's wife. As we walk back we speculate idly as to whether this may be the identical "second-best bed with furniture" bestowed on Anne in Shakespeare's will, although truth compels us to state that there is no substance in the conjecture.

With memories of a wonderful run fresh in our mind we turn towards Alcester, and running through Headless Cross, Redditch and Alvechurch, re-enter Birmingham.—M.H.P.



# THROUGH THE WONDERFUL VALE OF EVESHAM.

**F**OR the second run our route lies direct south. We are about to explore the exclusive charm of a local—yet world-famous—beauty spot, "The Valley of the Avon," with its fascinating little hamlets, its woods, meadows, and loveliest of valleys, wooed and won by the beautiful and winding Avon. This small but picturesque portion of England has for long been the happy hunting ground of lovers of art the whole world over.

From Birmingham we potter along to the old-world town of Halesowen, which, although possessing interesting ruins of an ancient abbey and a few very old buildings, calls for no delay in our run, and we must hasten to quit "The Black Country," with its many factories and smoking chimneys, a portion of which we are now traversing. On we go, therefore, to Bromsgrove, and here we have entered the wonderful "Vale of Evesham."

Bromsgrove Church, as we see, stands bold and beautiful on the hill side on the left of the town. We forge ahead again, descending still deeper into this great valley of vast stretches of beautiful meadowland, until we enter Droitwich, our first stopping place. Droitwich is famous for its salt industry—famous, in fact, since the days of the Romans. As many as 300,000 tons annually are produced here by an evaporation process from huge brine pits, while the brine baths in the town are extremely popular with invalids, on account of their great curative properties.

We board the car again and drive over many old-time and famous battlefields—to Worcester.

Worcester! How familiar to English history, and what an association with the then youthful monarch Charles II! In this district his forces were hopelessly beaten in September, 1651, and Charles fled for his life from the great Cromwellian army, to become a hunted fugitive for months, and finally to escape to France.

Worcester Cathedral, with its central tower rising to 170 ft., and its length measuring 394 ft., is indeed a most spectacular object, while its structural boldness is even more deeply impressed on us by the red sand-stone material of which its exterior is constructed. It has been repeatedly restored, so much so that the crypt beneath the choir (1084) and the Chapter House are the only



The Town Hall of Bridgnorth is a fine old stone and timber building, dated 1625, and, standing in the centre of the highway, it never fails to arouse visitors' admiration.

remaining Norman portions. A visit to the interior will reveal much of interest—King John's portrait effigy, and the lid of his coffin; the Chantry Chapel to young Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII; Edgar's Tower, and various other historical and present-day associations.

The "Commandery" is undoubtedly the best of the ancient buildings of the town, and here again is recalled that fearsome battle of Worcester, since the Duke of Hamilton died there after being mortally wounded during the terrible fighting in the city streets. The "Commandery" was originally designed as a hospice for travellers during the Norman period, but was refounded in the sixteenth century.

Probably the first association with Worcester to occur to some of us is, not its history, but that great food-flavouring essence—"Worcester Sauce." This is excusable, but this old-world abbey town is famous also for the production of china, vinegar and other Worcester productions. Leaving Worcester, we take the main road to the left and just dribble along, passing through the tiny but pretty Spetchley. Immediately after we have crossed the bridge over the Midland Railway outside that town the road to the right runs us straight through Wyre Piddle, a particularly pleasant spot completely embraced by the River Avon; thence to Pershore, which is probably one of the most peaceful yet interesting market towns in the district.

The old Abbey erected by the nephew of Ethelred I is partly in ruins, but the still remaining portions—the choir, the south transept, and a part of the tower—form the present Parish Church. Quite an interesting trip just off the beaten track from Pershore might be made to little Birlingham village, wherein we view the famous hamlet, church, and village stocks. All this time, by the way, we are passing through some of the finest plum orchards—full of those delicious "egg plums"—in the country. These orchards, in blossom time, in the early spring, or in "fruiting time," in the late summer, are alone worth the trip.

But if we are going to see the remainder of the beauties to be found on this delightful run we must accelerate and drive on to Eckington, crossing, as we approach the town, the

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quaint Eckington Bridge. It is usually under a battery of cameras or being painted by artists. This old village offers us a finely restored and quaint village cross, and a partly Norman church, wherein we find a monument to John Hanford, of Wallas Hall. Wallas Hall was rebuilt in the reign of James I, and we all visit its many attractions. There are wonderful portraits by Vandyck, a portrait of Lady Waller ascribed to Lely, a study of Charles I, and of Henrietta Maria. But we have stayed long enough, and our route now leads us to Bredon. Here we again ask all to dismount and to play for a little while the game of "Follow my Leader." We will lead first to Bredon Church, which contains many monuments and other items of interest, while hard by we find an old and gigantic tithe-barn. This tithe-barn, we understand, is supposed to be the largest in the country. The steps leading to the window above were those used by the old monk who would sit and count sack after sack, and bundle after bundle, of all kinds of produce—tithe for the church—and register the exact quantity, while ever maintaining an eagle eye over the proceedings below. Woe betide those who faltered, in quantity or quality.

Before we leave Bredon, some of the thirsty members of our party obtain a large pot of real ale, made from malt and hops only, from the old and picturesque "Fox and Hounds" Inn. The quaintness and charm of the structure of this building are alone worth a visit, quite apart from its creature comforts!

Now to Tewkesbury. A little farther on, where we spend the pleasantest period of the trip. Here is the all-commanding Abbey, Tewkesbury's chief attraction. Any person who could traverse this charming old town without bursting forth in praise of its great Abbey, the many beautiful half-timbered houses, and other beauties, artificial and natural, must, we think, be void of all love of beauty. The Abbey was founded on the site of

an ancient monastery by a cousin of William Rufus, Robert Fitz Hamon, but only an extended and organised visit could reveal all that is good therein. Other items of interest in Tewkesbury are the Old Bell Tavern, the house of Phineas Fletcher, the character in *John Halifax: Gentleman*; the Hop Pole Hotel, mentioned in *Pickwick*; the four great flour mills, and the really quaint King John's Bridge, the subject of one of our illustrations. Only a very short distance from the town stands the oldest Saxon church in England, that of Deerhurst, while quite close also is the junction of the Rivers Avon and Severn—a veritable haunt for artists of all countries. We could spend no end of time in this interesting town, but it is time to begin the homeward journey, and this we do *via* the Tewkesbury-Stow Road, on which we discover the old signpost, "Teddington Hands." Here we slow up, not to ascertain the correct route to Evesham, our next destination, but to read the most interesting inscription on the post:—

Edmund Attwood of the Vine Tree  
At the first time erected me,  
And freely he did this bestow,  
Strange travellers the way to show;  
Ten generations past and gone,  
Repaired by Alice Attwood of  
Teddington.

August 10th, 1876.



The ancient "Teddington Hands" signpost, on the Tewkesbury-Stow road, bears an interesting inscription, the wording and origin of which are mentioned in the text of our run.

Simple but lovely words of gentle freemen of the highway who, unlike some travellers of to-day, were great believers in the courtesy of the road.

Evesham, wherein we next find ourselves, is yet another Abbey town of history, with its old Bell Tower, built by the Abbot Lichfield (really the cloister arch), and one of the remnants of Evesham's once famous Abbey. Evesham is undoubtedly one of England's prettiest riverside towns and, just as in the case of Wyre Piddle, is entirely encircled by the river. It possesses the finest and largest bridge that spans the Avon, and is in the heart of the vegetable and fruit growing districts. We cannot enter Evesham without recalling the tremendous battle which was fought on the outskirts of the town in 1265. In this great fight Simon de Montfort, his son, and other of the more important defenders of the rights of Englishmen against the terrorism of Henry III, were mortally wounded.

As the great Simon stood amid his brave men and witnessed the tactics of his opponents, he exclaimed aloud, "By the Arm of St. James, they come on in wise fashion, but it was from me they learnt it." Three hours of terribly bloody fighting, until the last of those who had remained by his side fell, left the Earl standing alone. He fought—ah, how he fought! But there came a blow from behind, and 'twas enough! "It is God's Grace," was his death cry, and the soul of a very great patriot passed away. They buried him, his son and the Dispenser in the then great abbey of which, as previously stated, only the old Bell Tower remains.

The return home, *via* Bidford and Alcester, is the finish of our run—and what a run! Even the bustle of Birmingham fails to banish such pleasant memories.



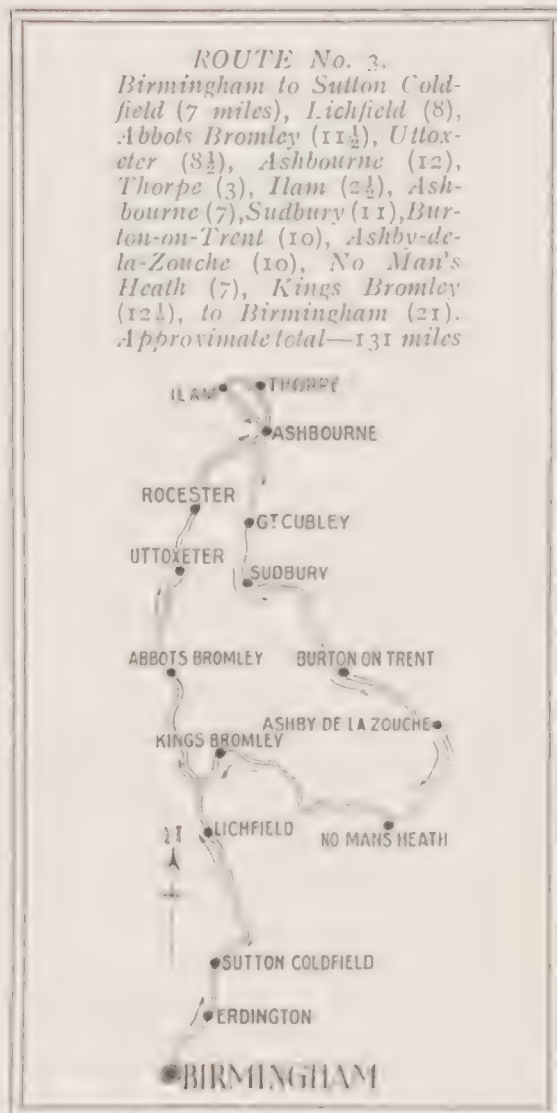
OUR last run was a very pleasant one, both from the scenic and from the historical points of view, but this third trip promises, we think, to be even more attractive. It leads us in entirely the opposite direction—i.e., north of Birmingham, and takes us through a mixture of woody and rocky countryside, full of picturesque towns and villages far less modernised than those south of our starting place; while it also offers many quaint and interesting relics of "Ye olde days of Merrie England."

Our route lies through Erdington, ancient Sutton Coldfield to Lichfield. Ah, by Lichfield how much we are impressed! This great cathedral town seems of some other time. Its quaint streets, houses and buildings, bearing no "patchwork" touches, are truly eloquent of a long bygone day, while from beneath the many old porches we seem to expect a vision of ruffles and buckles, wigs and monocles and befeathered hats, so inappropriate is the modern velour to the great half-timbered and diamond window-paned dwellings of long ago.

Close to St. John's Street stands the imposing row of almshouses of St. John's Hospital, founded in the fifteenth century, "all-commanding," as it stands to the present day.

Here we must run a little off our main route to the market place, for the good reason that we want to see the birthplace (now a memorial and museum) and the statue of the great Doctor Johnson—national shrines of Lichfield's immortal son. But while we are here at the cathedral, that "Minster of the Midlands" whose three tall spires are popularly known as the "Ladies of the Vale," immediately attracts us, while here, there, and everywhere are scenes so pleasant, buildings so quaint yet stately, that one feels an overpowering desire to cancel the remainder of the run and just "do" every nook and corner of the old-world town.

That desire, however, must be satisfied on



some future occasion, for our programme leads us on—to Abbots Bromley. In the centre of this place



"The Old Bell Inn," Tewkesbury, is a very great attraction to visitors. It was the house of Phineas Fletcher, the character in "John Halifax, Gentleman."

we pass a quaint old wooden building which is really the market cross, and the church. It contains in one of its towers numerous ancient pieces of head-dress, etc., used annually to the present time in a curious but picturesque celebration of the "Horn Dance"; an extremely popular "joy day," not only with the local residents, but with the inhabitants also of villages for miles around.

Pressing farther north, we reach quaint Uttoxeter. Did we hear someone pronounce it "U-toxeter"? What! "Toxeter." Well, either may be right, since it seems to be the custom to pronounce it just how it strikes one. Anyhow, according to Domesday Book, it was something entirely different—namely, "Wotocheshede." Uttoxeter, by the way, has another association with the before-mentioned Dr. Johnson; for here, in the market place, his father ran a small bookstall. And as an act of penance for once refusing to help his father at the stall young Johnson stood in the centre of the market place on a busy market day, bare-headed, "for a considerable time, in very bad weather," to use his own words. On that very spot, it is said, stands a seated monument of him, and on one of the panels of this monument the foregoing penitential incident is clearly depicted.

After making an encircling movement round the old market place and viewing the village from all angles, we drive out of the town and continue through Little Rocester. From here our whole attention is pleasantly concentrated upon the glories of the beautiful countryside, for we are traversing "Dovedale," the loveliest of the Derbyshire Dales. Unmatched throughout the whole of the British Isles, Dovedale has been sung by poets not a few. Sweet are the words of Charles Cotton, who delightfully pens his affection for the spot:—

"O my beloved Nymph  
fair Dove!  
Princess of Rivers  
how I love  
Upon thy flowery  
bank to lie!"

The old  
charming  
head long  
follows  
street, are  
in addition  
Bells of  
also there  
instance, I  
a little old  
promises  
laughter  
and dance  
the morning  
the merry  
patent, ye  
Bells, and  
Ashbourne  
that Sir Dr  
on the day  
on earth

Our route  
from  
to the  
where we  
then take  
market  
miles drive  
old and pic  
ridge Inn  
short way  
"Peveril of  
ing charmi  
mount, but  
Dovedale  
spot," of a  
time late  
as on foot  
be many  
scenery; the  
river and it  
huge woods  
on the  
side, so much  
as common  
effect. But  
on to Ilam  
situated, at  
picturesque  
many

We have  
farthest  
and home  
the order  
a fast run  
beam, for it  
much to  
praise. We  
quite a  
interesting  
ing through  
to Gt  
and Sudbury  
on Trent



# IN DOVEDALE — LOVELIEST OF DERBYSHIRE DALES.

The old grammar school and the charming "Green Man and Black's Head Inn," with the extraordinary "gallows" sign which spans the street, are objects of unusual interest. In addition, there are the famous Bells of Ashbourne Church, wherein also there is much to view. Here, for instance, is a wonderful monument to a little child, a girl who, we see, lies prone upon a mattress. She was the daughter of one Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah, while beneath the monument is a particularly touching inscription: "The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail Bark, and the wreck was total." Old Ashbourne folk have a great belief that Sir Brooke and his dame departed on the day of the funeral and met not on earth again.

Our route now lies up the steep ascent from the market place out on to the Bakewell and Buxton Road, where we keep on for a mile or so, and then take the byway on the left marked "To Thorpe." A couple of miles drive from here brings us to the old and picturesque "Dog and Part-ridge Inn," while to the left, quite a short way on, is the gate to the "Peveril of the Peak" district. Entering charming Thorpe village, we dismount, because if we want to visit Dovedale and other "Dove beauty spots," of which there are many in the immediate surroundings, we must do so—on foot! Here we are enraptured by many glorious scenes; the beautiful river and its banks, the huge woods and rocks on the Staffordshire side, so masterful and so curious in shape and effect. But we must get on to Ilam, gloriously situated, and what a picture! Yet one of many!

We have reached our farthest destination, and "home" is now the order. Oh, no, not a fast run to Birmingham, for there is yet much to see and appreciate. We shall have quite a nice and interesting run, passing through beautiful scenes, to Great Cubley and Sudbury into Burton-on-Trent, a much

larger town than Ashbourne, and nowadays mostly noted for its great brewing houses. We carry on to the quaint and still unspoiled village of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, so delightful, in spite of its situation on the outskirts of colliery districts. The town possesses much of considerable interest to us.

All its surroundings are rendered immortal by the stirring romance of *Ivanhoe*, in which Sir Walter Scott depicted those days when the land was ruled by Normans, and the language of the upper classes was Norman-French, the old Anglo-Saxon being merely the speech of the race subjugated at the fatal field of Hastings.

The time was yet to come when the two dialects would be blended to form the substance of our present language. It was within a mile of Ashby-de-la-Zouch that the author placed the lists which were the scene of the tournament which was to decide who should occupy the throne destined for the "Queen of Beauty and Love." Here the vivid characters of the romance were assembled. The beautiful, blond Lady Rowena, the no less lovely raven-tressed Rebecca the Jewess. Prince John, Athelstane the Saxon Prince, Cedric the Franklin, Wamba the Jester, his silver collar of thralldom welded round his neck, the warlike and licentious Prior of Jervaulx, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the Knight Templar, Isaac of York, the Jew, to name but a

few. Then the wizard of the pen gives us that wonderful description of the customs of those knightly combats.

To those who have no love for fiction, we must point out that in this particular instance the author gives a faithful presentment of the actual lives of the people of those days, inasmuch as he derived his material from old Anglo-Norman MSS. coeval with the events depicted. To that extent his work becomes historical.

We are taken through the series of jousts in which Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in the guise of the Disinherited Knight, defeats all his opponents and places his beloved, the Lady Rowena, in the coveted place of honour. Then at the completion of the tournament the Prince holds a great festival in the Castle of Ashby, and we get another brilliant picture of the manners of the times, with many sidelights on its dazzling magnificence.

We wander over the stately ruins of the castle, but a love for accuracy compels us to admit that it was not the castle of Ivanhoe's period, but one built at a subsequent date.

In the church of Ashby is a fifteenth century alabaster effigy of an unidentified high personage who is clad in a pilgrim's robe; monuments also of the second Earl of Huntingdon and Countess, 1561-76; and other beautiful portrait effigies. In the tower and arch lies a finely preserved example of a once greatly used finger stocks—punishment for brawlers in the church.

This is the last of the special attractions on this run. Our journey home via No Man's Heath follows a winding route full of scenic beauties, to King's Bromley. The next stage is a return trip to Lichfield, where another halt is made, and then a fast run home through Sutton Coldfield and Erdington brings us to Birmingham.

Much of this great run will remain ever a joyful memory, but that which will stand out as the choicest and the sweetest of all will surely be Dovedale—again, the loveliest of the Derbyshire dales. T.R.M.



This old gateway is surely worth a visit? It is the entrance to the Old Priory (14th century) at Bromfield, near Ludlow.



## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

### A Most Successful Scheme.

During 1924 the R.A.C. dealt with no fewer than 5,820 "Get you home" claims. Such a figure shows clearly that this scheme is something of real service to motorists. It means that at least 5,820 members and associate-members of the R.A.C. have had breakdowns or accidents on the road, have called upon the "Get you home" scheme, and have enjoyed at the R.A.C.'s expense the hired relief car to get them home. Here is something alive and tangible, for it is obvious that such a scheme has saved members all the incidental worry following a breakdown or accident on the road as the case may be. As showing how this scheme has developed during the last few years, it is interesting to note that in 1919, the first year after the war, there were only 1,358 claims, which fact is sufficient demonstration of its increasing utility to motorists.

### Successful Motoring Appeal.

At the Cornwall Quarter Sessions, just held, the Automobile Association successfully appealed against the conviction of a motorist for failing to illuminate his rear number plate.

The circumstances were that the rear light became extinguished owing to a broken filament in the lamp bulb, and of this the motorist was unaware until he was stopped by the police, although it was clear that the lamp was alight a few miles previously. However, the motorist was summoned before the Torpoint Bench, who ignored the defence put forward by the Automobile Association—that all reasonable care had been taken—and imposed a fine of ten shillings. After a lengthy hearing at the Quarter Sessions, the appeal was allowed *with costs*.

### H.R.H. The Duke of York in Kenya Colony.

For the use of H.R.H. the Duke of York throughout his tour in East Africa, A. Harper Sons and Bean, Ltd., had the honour of sending out a 14 h.p. open touring "Bean" car, finished in crimson lake with leather to harmonize. His Royal Highness on his arrival inspected this car, and was extremely pleased with its appearance throughout. Cables have been received stating that H.R.H. The Duke of York is using the 14 h.p. open touring car daily on his tours with very excellent results, and that the car is covering a large mileage.

It will not be any novelty for T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of York to ride in a "Bean" car, as H.R.H. has a 12 h.p. open touring "Bean" car permanently at his residence, White Lodge, Richmond, which they frequently drive themselves.

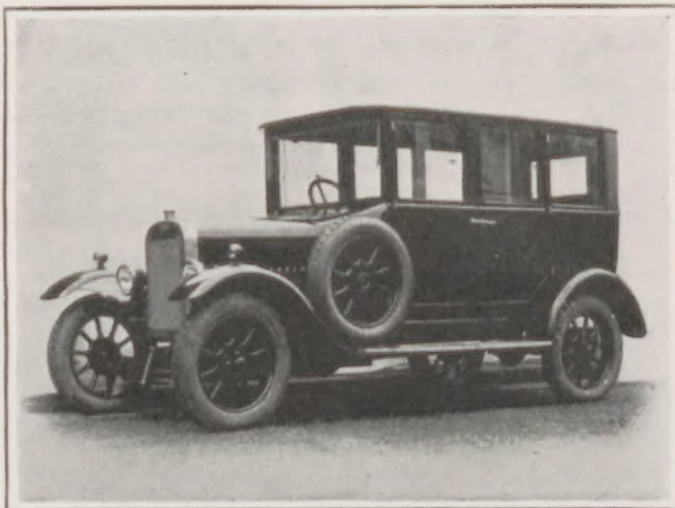
H.R.H. Prince Henry, K.G., G.C.V.O., also drives a "Bean" coupé.

### For those interested in Electricity.

*Automobile Electricity* is the title of the first British publication devoted exclusively to automobile electrical matters—the Journal of the automobile electrical trade. It is full of attractive features—simple wiring diagrams, all kinds of repairs—in fact, it deals with practically every branch of the subject, and its pages should be perused by all interested in electrical matters. It is published as a Supplement to *Motor Commerce* at 53, Shorts Gardens, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

### A New Map.

Have you seen the new R.A.C. official Motoring Map of Central Europe and Algeria, published by Messrs. George Phillip and Son, Ltd? No! Then you should, for it is a map that will *please* the motorist's eye, especially if one's coming summer tour includes the districts named. If you take a circle, London; Brest, on the west coast of France; down to the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; and thence far east to Budapest, you will get an excellent idea of the large field—just a huge motoring playground—with all classes of roads clearly marked, covered by this new and revised edition (24 miles to an inch) marketed at 6s. net. It is indispensable to motorists touring the Continent.



**I**T would seem that the Clyno people have again focused, in no uncertain manner, trade and public attention upon their very worthy selves. They have produced a saloon which costs £275, but from appearance might easily total £500. Maroon in colour; four wide doors; upholstery in Bedford cord; ample seating accommodation, with adjustable front seats; and a luxurious equipment, it is indeed wonderful value for money. As to its mechanical qualifications, we have ourselves proved these to be truly efficient and satisfactory; so that, in lighter frame of mind, this new Clyno model should sell—as it deserves to do—like hot cakes!

### Benzole Shortage.

The benzole production of the United Kingdom is restricted, and National Benzole has consequently not been on sale generally for some time, but it is now available everywhere in the form of National Benzole Mixture.

At the relatively high differential of 6d. per gallon above petrol, National Benzole has been keenly sought after by motorists to improve the quality of petrol as at present marketed. It can readily be appreciated that a decided financial saving is secured by purchasing National Benzole in the form of mixture containing 50 per cent. of benzole at only 1d. per gallon above petrol prices. The British production of benzole is 18½ million gallons, and represents at the present time one-twentieth of the total consumption of motor spirit in Great Britain. National Benzole Mixture is probably richer in aromatic hydrocarbons than any other fuel, is suitable for all types of engines, but is particularly desirable in present day highly efficient, high compression engines, giving:—Added power, and therefore less gear changing; greater mileage per gallon; sweeter running; better hill climbing; total elimination of pinking, and distinct reduction in engine stresses and strains.

### Startling U.S.A. Motor Figures.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has been making a fresh survey of the American motor-car field, and the figures it publishes are astonishing. There are now over 3,105,000 persons employed there directly or indirectly in the manufacture and sale of motor cars. Of these, a number equal to the entire population of Manchester are engaged in the production, sale or maintenance of the products of one large organisation alone—The General Motors Corporation, which makes Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Oakland, and Chevrolet cars.

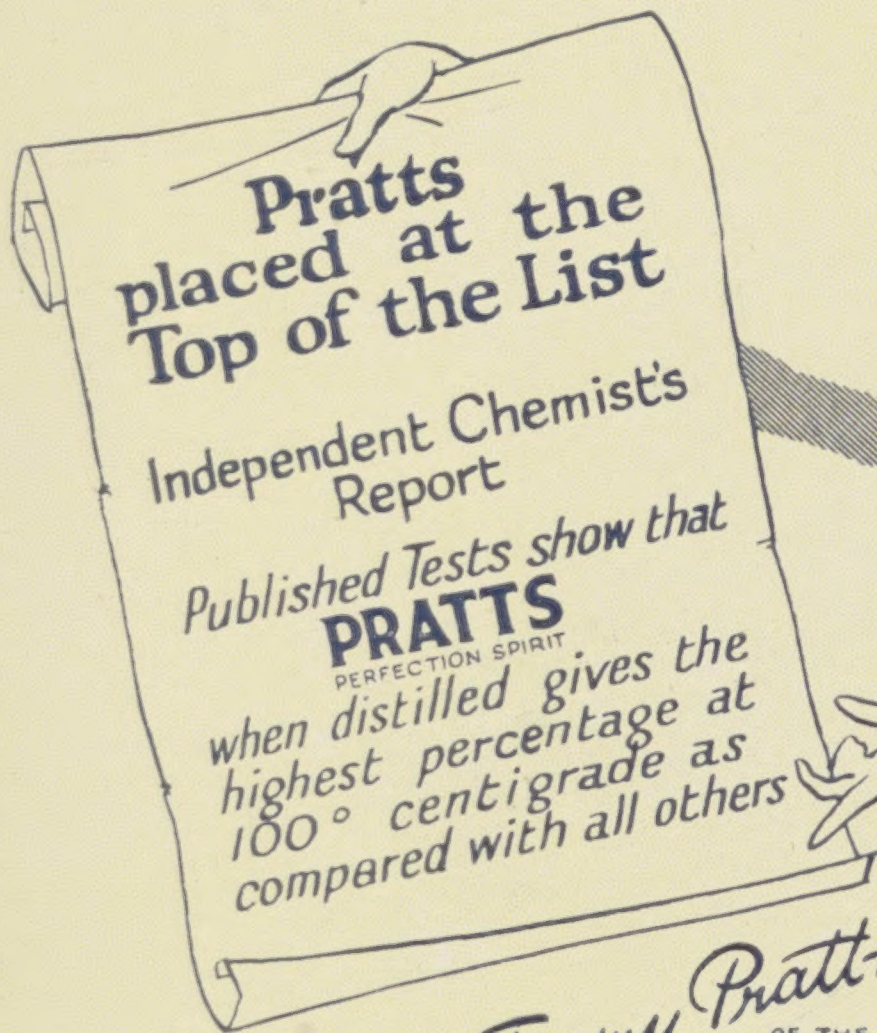
The report shows that persons employed directly in the whole industry number 2,879,370, including 1,599,370 workers in motor vehicles, parts, accessories, tyre or supplies factories, and the dealers and salesmen, garage and repair shop employees and those engaged in financing and insuring motor vehicles. In addition, there are 1,220,000 professional chauffeurs and truck drivers, as well as 60,000 petrol and oil refinery workers. Of these, a very large number are employed on work contributing directly to the automotive industry.

No estimates are available for the number of people working on the manufacture of machine tools, production equipment, road construction, etc. Figures for these activities would probably raise the company's total near to a million.



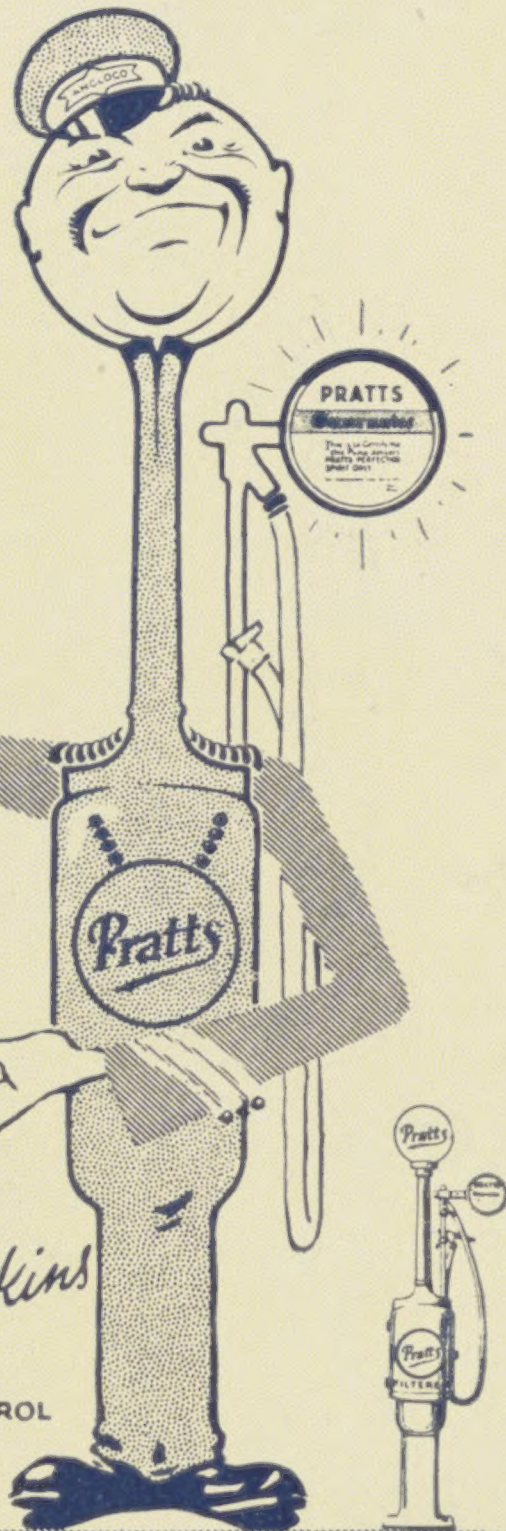
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